A VISION'S QUEST

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS, REPRESENTING THE HOPES AND AMBITIONS, THE LOVE, MARRIAGE, PLEADINGS, DISCOURAGEMENTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS, OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, DISCOVERER OF AMERICA

BY ALICE E. LORD

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. PS2249 Copyright No.
Shelf L57V5
1899
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A VISION'S QUEST.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS,

REPRESENTING THE HOPES AND AMBITIONS, THE LOVE, MARRIAGE, PLEADINGS, DISCOURAGEMENTS, AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.

BY

ALICE E. LORD.

BALTIMORE:
CUSHING & COMPANY.
1899.

Library of Congress,
Office of the
DEC 23 1899
Register of Copyrights.

PS2299
.L57V5
1899

55921

Copyright, 1899
By Alice E. Lord

SECOND COPY,

79190
Dec. 6. '99.

A VISION'S QUEST

Act I. — In Lisbon. Columbus' life and pleadings with Dom Juan II of Portugal.

Act II. — Discouragement. Dom Juan's treachery. Columbus leaves Portugal for Spain.

Act III. — Christobal Colon argues before King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, and before the learned Juntas and Councils.

Act IV. — Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, conquer Moors in Spain. They grant Columbus aid for his quest.

Act V. — Admiral Christobal Colon sails from Palos. Discovers New World.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Christopher Columbus (Christobal Colon, in Spain), the mariner and discoverer.
Doña Philipa Münoz, Columbus' wife.
Diego Columbus, his son.
Bartolomeo Columbus, his brother.
Dom Juan II, King of Portugal.
Maestros, Joseph, and Roderiguez, learned doctors of university.
Bishops of Ceuta and of Viseau.
Fra Juan Perez de Marchena, prior of La Rabida Monastery. Friend of Columbus.
Fra Talavera, confessor to Queen Isabella of Castile.
Cardinal Mendoza, Primate of Spain.
King Ferdinand, King of Aragon and Spain.
Queen Isabella, Queen of Castile and Spain.
Boabdil, Moorish King, defeated by Ferdinand and Isabella.
Quintanilli, state treasurer of Spain.
Luis de Santangel, treasurer of church of Aragon.
Juan de Cabrera, court chamberlain of Spain.
Beatrice Enriquez D'Arana, Columbus' second love.
Captain Martin Alonzo Pinzon, mariner of Spain, accompanying Columbus.
Captain Diego Pinzon, also accompanying Columbus to New World.
Perez Vazquez, mariner of Portugal.
Arabian Sorcerer, who foretold Columbus' discovery of New World.
Soldiers, mariners, nobles, priests, knights, caballeros, and señoras.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(Room in Columbus' house, opening upon *Patio* beyond. Christopher Columbus, Pilot and Mariner; Bartolomeo Columbus, his brother. Both seated.)

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Nay! By my sword, and all the holy saints!
I will not yield one jot or tittle of my claim.
I tell thee, Barto, I have visited
The happy isles where gold lies 'mid the sands,
Enmeshed and threaded, waiting for man's grasp.
Olives and pomegranates grow like weeds,
And one may live without a thought or care,
Plucking the fruits at will, as free as birds.
And I have sailed the northern seas, to lands
That frozen lie beneath the cold pole star,
Where naught can grow
But pine-trees, sea-kale, and a tangled moss,
From which the white-faced women, clad in fur,
Boil jellied mosses to eat with their fish, —
Lands that would freeze the blood in southern veins, —
Whose sun ne'er thaws the ice-cliffs and the frozen strand.
These teach me of still further lands that lie
Beyond the sea of darkness, — far into the West.

Barto. 'Tis but a guess, from reasons far inadequate.

Columbus. I tell thee, I am haunted by this dream
Of lands that lie beyond the setting sun!
There lie the Indies, Cathay, Cipango,
Where gold and diamonds spread along the coast
Like shells and pebbles on our shingly beach.

Barto. Nay, brother, rest thee; leave these haunting dreams
That ever drive thee, like some care-killed ghost,
To plot and scheme, and plod as 'twere for thee
To make anew the universe. I say 'tis tempting God
To trifle thus with life and life's necessities;
To drift and change, and court this prince and that,
And spend thy time and substance on these theories.
What if they listen and believe thy tales?
What if they send thee into unknown seas,
To toil and drift into the hurricanes,
Perchance, to come back broken-winged, disgraced;
Perchance, if thou art right, to find thy goal,
To reach thy lands, what then? I' faith thou art
Thy patrons' tool, to dig out gold for them.

Columbus. Nay! but I tell thee they must promise me
That I, who find these lands for them, and plant
The blazonry of Portugal along those coasts,
Shall share the gold, and be their viceroy.
Think you that I would risk my life and work,

And turn my dream into reality,
But to enrich the Portuguese? My name
Shall shine amid that galaxy of stars —
The constellation of discoverers.
The great philosophers discovered truths,
And he who has but lately printed books,
By stamps and presses, duplicating them
Until the world can read all precious truths,
These are but units in that galaxy.
I, too, will shine some day. The time is rife
For a new star; there's portent in the air.
Thou'lt see, Bartolomeo, I shall find
A continent — and win a coronet!
The Admiral Columbus! It is worth,
Long patience and long waiting. Yet I find
'T is weary, weary, waiting upon Kings. (Sighing.)

BARTO. 'T is clutching shadows, throwing substance to the winds.

(Knocking at door.)

COLUMBUS. What ho! who knocks? (Rising and going to door.)
Who is it? Enter, pray!

(Enter caballéros with mandolins, guitars and olive wreaths.)

ALL. 'T is friends and neighbors, come to wish thee joy.
We hear thy banns were called for Easter-tide
When thou wilt wed the Doña Philipa.
Good luck! We bring the olive branch for peace! (Crown him.)
And here, the myrtle wreath to crown the groom.

Come now, we'll drink thy health and happiness
In ruby Lisbon port, warm as thy blood.

(Columbus brings glasses and bottles and places them with fruit upon table — all drink to Columbus and bride.)

DRINKING SONG TO BRIDEGROOM.

The twinkling stars as they beam on the world,
Are the eyes of the angels upon thee,
And yon crescent moon, like a banner half-furled,
Is the planet of her who has won thee.

Chorus (with glasses).
Then good luck to the groom and good luck to the bride,
Whose wedding-bells ring at the gay Easter-tide!

When yon banner in full gleaming radiance is spread,
The night of thy nuptials to herald,
Remember the eyes that are watching o'erhead
And be true, or thy bliss is imperilled!

Chorus (with clinking glasses). Then good luck, etc.

Be true to the heart of thy beautiful bride,
Be true to the vows thou hast plighted,
Be true to thyself, to thy honor and pride;
For joy shall seal true hearts, united.

Chorus. Then good luck, etc.

Columbus. I thank thee, friends, for thy good company
And for kind wishes to myself and bride.
Here's to the sweetest maid in Portugal!
I pledge my troth, and fealty, beside!

CABALLEROS. We pledge her health. Here's to her raven hair
Here's to her witching eyes that pierce men's hearts
With love-tipped arrows, and with keenest darts!
We're all her lovers, so beware! beware!
Good night, sweet dreams, and so beware! beware! (Exeunt all.)

BARTO. And I, my brother, echo back the wish
That love may fill thy heart so brimming full,
That these vain dreams shall find no resting-place.
The heart, become a nest for love and peace
Will hatch prosperity and happiness —
And wealth and joy are, sure, no bastard brood.

COLUMBUS. When thinking of Philipa and home joys
I could forego fulfilment of my dream.
If it were manly, thus to yield to love,
I could forever lay ambition's dreams aside.
But wouldst thou have me traitor to myself?
Who have seen visions of a high career,
Of grand achievements beckoning my aid?
Philipa is as true as she is fair,
And she would clasp the belt and cutlass on;
Bidding God speed me to the goal I seek.
E'en love will bid me hasten on my way,
To find a continent and win a name.

BARTO (departing). Dream, then, to-night of love and of success!

(Columbus takes the candle to retire.— Curtain falls.)

SCENE II.

(Chancel of All Saint's with cloister to left. Chanting of priests and nuns antiphonally (— Latin chants with Gregorian music.) Columbus bowed in prayer, with rosary. Doña Philipa kneeling in chancel — Other worshippers in chancel. — Worshippers slowly rise and pass out cloister to left, passing to foreground, and exit. Columbus and Philipa rise and pass same way. Columbus takes Philipa's hand in cloisters and they pause in foreground. [Scene shifts to street outside of cottage.])

Dramatis Personæ { *Christopher Columbus — Argonaut.*
Doña Philipa Muñoz —
and other worshippers.

Columbus. Beloved, I did hope to find thee here,
To see again thy sun-bathed, morning face
At this sweet early hour, ere yet the heat
Hath stolen back thy dews, and ere thy thoughts
Have turnéd earthward from thy orisons.
Didst pray for me, beloved; did thy thoughts
Stray from confessional and flit like doves, to him,
The blest of God — who holds thy maiden heart?

Philipa. Aye! ere thou camest, my prayers had followed thee,
With blessings for thy life and work to-day —
Is 't not to-day thou goest to Eldora,
To see the sorcerer and learn thy horoscope?
'T were meet, I should pray doubly for a charm

To keep thee from all prophecy of harm.
I tremble, Christo, lest the magi's art
Should work thee evil, being Catholic.
The conjurer's art is not of God nor Heaven,
'Tis the black art. The evil one, methinks
Has nearer converse with it. Is 't not so?

COLUMBUS. I know not how to answer thee, sweetheart.
'Tis not of God nor priestly craft, and yet
Since He hath made all mysteries of life,
And holds them in his hands; these secrets, hid
From untaught eyes are learned by watching signs
And combinations of the elements.
'T is not of Heaven; yet neither is 't of Hell.
Wise men have studied it e'er since the days,
The shepherds watched upon the plains for signs,
And saw the star that led to Bethlehem.
My dreams that I have told thee of, beloved—
— These visions of a golden, jewelled land,
Lying beyond the trackless western sea—
Need help; strong human aid of wealth and power,
Ere I can start upon my quest to win
Honors and riches, and a throne for thee, my queen.
The Arabian magi, studying the stars
And influence of stone and substances
Upon our lives, through Nature's secret laws,
Can read and shape our destinies, 't is said.
I go to learn my fate. Sweet, pray for me!

Pray God, his angels, and the blessed saints,
Keep me from evil and discouragement.

Philipa. Adieu, thou need'st not ask, I'll watch and fast,
And prayerful vigil keep till thou return.
Prayer is our means to move God's mighty arm,
And love is strong prevailing. Now, adieu. (Embrace.)

(She disappears in doorway of cottage. He walks slowly away, stopping to hear her Ave Maria. [From upper window.])

Philipa (softly). *Ave Maria,*
We need thy tender care
Ora pro nobis
Oh save us from despair!
Grant thy favor to us,
O'er life's hopes and dreams.
Ora, Mater, ora,
Help, from thy mercy, streams.

Ora pro nobis
Our lives are reaching out
Grasping Nature's secrets
Struggling 'gainst our doubt.
Ora, Mater, ora,
Light in darkness send!
Ave Maria,
Be our constant friend!

(Curtain falls.)

SCENE III.

(Sorcerer's Cave. — Dark grove of Cedars — deep shade — vines around door of cavern. — Columbus knocks three times — door opens wide. [Scene shifts back — shows interior.] Dark with circle of flame — apes, parrots, skulls and cross-bones — magic circle of stones within entrance.)

Dramatis Personæ { *Christopher Columbus.* / *Arabian Magician.* }

COLUMBUS (entering). *Buona notte*, seer! I would consult
Thy wisdom on my horoscope. — In Genoa born,
October fourteenth, Fourteen–thirty-six
— My star is Saturn, in ascension, right; —
A mariner who knows the heavens well,
As well the astrolabe and cosmograph.
Yet have I come to learn of thee. Canst tell,
By magic art, if maybe I may hope
To win fruition of my schemes and plans?

SEER. Aha! thou comest to me now, when thy schemes have failed!
Where is thy priest-craft, where thy sages wise,
Who guard the gate of Heaven, and who provide
Heaven for this one, and Hell for that.
Eternal life, eternal death, and hope beyond the grave?
Do they not know the secrets of *this* life?

COLUMBUS. Our holy Church guards spirit, soul.
She takes small cognizance of human weal or woe,

Save as they mould the soul, and touch the Church
But for these plans of mine — my destiny —
That I would fain see consummated facts,
If thou hast wisdom to interpret it,
I pray thee, Arab, read my horoscope.
I am aweary, heaving up, like Sisyphus,
My burden, which forever rushes back.
If I could know my fate were favoring,
I could plod on, though earth and hell opposed.

Seer (sneering). Hast thou no God to hear and answer prayer?
Methinks you Christians trust your Deity
With the uncertainties of your future state,
With small affairs of right and wrong in life;
But in the great events that make or mar,
Ye fear to trust His guidance!

Columbus (abashed). Nay! thou wrong'st
Our God and His true followers.
We do not grasp our faith firm as we might,
Perchance our faith is stricken by our fears,
As I do feel mine now. I see the sin
Of coming to one for an augury
Who scorns the Church and mocks its ministry.
I will away! 'T is tempting Providence!

(Turns angrily away and is grasped by Arabian.)

Seer. Hold! Christian, stay! I have some truths for thee!
I see a nimbus round thy head, vouchsafed

To scarce a mortal in a century.
It is not I who placed it there. Nor mine
To mark thy path 'mid the world's galaxy of stars —
But, like a meteor, thou shalt arise,
And like a comet, with its fiery trail,
Span all the arc, from East to furthest West.
Ho, master! (Uncovering head.) It is thou, whose art could teach
Mysteries to seers and to the world.

COLUMBUS (excitedly). I prithee quick! Consult thy oracles,
Assure me of the everlasting truth
Of what I dream and seek to prove unto the world.

(Arabian forms a circle of stones, bones, etc., round him, making passes in the air — sulphur fumes and flames — red light glows — thunder rolls — lightning gleams and phosphorous letters form upon walls, which seer interprets.)

SEER. Man chosen of the gods,
Allah writes, Kismet.
(Vision of ships on rolling seas appears back of Columbus.)
I see a vision; 'tis the sea and caravels —
Three ships nigh swallowed in the surging sea!
They live, they touch a low-browed sunny land,
Whose shining sands kiss the encircling main.
(Another vision of mariners landing. Tableau in rear.)
The vision changes! One with flashing sword,
And cross, and flowing banner, mounts the shore.
'T is thou, Columbus! 'T is the flag of Spain
Thou bearest! How now? 'T is *Spain*, not *Portugal!*

Columbus (excitedly). Look! look again, great seer, — not Spain's!
'T is Portugal's emblazonry thou seest.
'T is Dom Juan Seconda's crest and crown,
Woven on that banner — white and azure — see!

Seer. 'T is gone! 'T is faded into lurid flame.
Thy words, rash Christian, have dispelled the scene
Ere I could read aright those fluttering signs.
But if these eyes saw true — and I ne'er had
A clearer view, or brighter vision given —
'T was Spanish flag, not Portuguese I saw.

(Columbus falls upon his knees in ecstacy of prayer.)

Begone! rise! dost thou dare to bring
Thy Popish mockeries 'mid my sorcery?

Columbus (prays). My God! I thank Thee, Thou hast heard our prayers—
Mine and the orisons of that dear saint!
Thanks for this vision — sent through this, Thy tool!
'T will nerve my arm with strength, and give this tongue
The eloquence of Paul to plead my cause,
Since it is Thine as well. (To seer, rising.) I tell thee, seer,
Thou art a prophet, whether sent by God
Or by thy Allah, or by influence of him
Whom we e'en fear to name; and since thy prophecies
Have done me noble service, honor, thanks!
Believe not I could mock thee; but with gratitude

The rather, humbly bow before Thy mysteries
That read the hidden secrets of the world.
Perchance, He, who created all, and veiled
Our future from our too inquiring sight,
Means us to live and work our destinies,
Without assurance of success, until
Fulfilment crown endeavor. For to man,
The foreknown certainty of loss would kill
All effort, all desire to work our best.
Yet such a vision as thou saw'st to-day
Would nerve one on, though hell's host barred the way,
Through all discouragement to victory.
Wilt take my hand in token of good faith?

SEER. Aye! here is mine, to man of science given,
Not to the Christian who wastes prayers and mummeries,
On empty air. There are more dormant truths
Concealed in Nature's laws, than man
Or sage has yet discovered — forces hid,
Which in new contact with the elements
Shall move the world. Lightning, that force but known
In its destructive power, might be a slave
To drag her chariots, and carry messages,
From earth back to the stars, if used aright.
And light, which paints the rose, and all things, color, gives,
Will so be harnessed to the car of use
In days to come, that it shall picture scenes,
And give them back as doth a mirror's face.

Fire and water now have uses, then why not
The other, subtler forces of the air?
The wind, unseen, but mighty as a host
To level and destroy, shall be a messenger
To build and carry at men's bidding.

Columbus. Ha! this is food for thought to feed upon.
If thou canst prophesy such uses for
These simple elements, why not divulge the plan,
To utilize thy vision's promises?

Seer. 'T is but events and prophecies my art can reach.
The alchemists, and such as thou, must bridge
The road that leads to such discoveries
O'er the great chasm of possibilities.
But this I tell thee, time is not yet rife
To chain these forces, as men's servitors.

Columbus. Such prophecies seem wild, romantic dreams,
Yet if they be thy visions, I believe them true,
And stand in dumb amazement at thy fields
That fallow lie, for human minds to dig—
Aye, dig and delve and sow and fertilize.
What labor, ere such harvest shall be ripe!
And yet, thou say'st it is sure to be?
Well; I must be content and sow my seed,
And till the fertile minds of kings and noblemen
To reap the blessed truths thou 'st painted me.

Adieu, adieu! May I not come again,
If my slow harvest seems to mildew in the bud?

SEER. Come when thou wilt; but Christian, hearken this,
Naught can be won in life, but by hard toil:
The victor's crown oft costs his heart's best blood.

(Exeunt Columbus. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE IV.

(Wedding procession along the promenade of Lisbon to the Cathedral — Caballéros and Señoras bearing palm and olive branches — flowers strewn along path by Señoras and Caballéros.)

Dramatis Personæ { *Caballéros. Lisbon. Promenade to Cathedral.*
Señoras.
Christopher Columbus. — Bridegroom.
Doña Philipa Muñoz. — Bride.

FIRST CABALLÉRO. See how distrait the noble bridegroom seems;
I' faith, methinks him more in love with self
And his dry studies than with Philipa.

SECOND CABALLÉRO. 'Tis shame to see so sweet and fair a maid
Pour out her soul and comely innocence,
Upon a caballéro with such gait.

He rolls and struts, as though this promenade
Were but a galley's deck, and he were pacing it,
To guide her helm from storms and jutting rocks!

First Caballéro. Well, he is sailor born; they say that he
Hath lived upon the sea. He's masterful;
For he hath guided ships in many seas—
The Captain Christopher Columbus, he is called.

Second Caballéro. Aye! that he's brave and gallant on the sea
I have no doubt; but will he sail so well on land?
Amid the quicksands of connubial bliss,
One needs to steer away from shoals, and yet not veer
Too close upon the rocks of prejudice, ha! ha!

(Maidens twining garlands and throwing them around the necks of Caballéros.)

First Maiden. Happy Philipa to have won so fair a lord!
See how the sun weaves gold among his locks.
He hath most noble bearing, yet methinks
He seems a trifle masterful. See how she smiles—
'T would seem as though he were Apollo's self.

Second Maiden. He is too serious for me. They say
He studies maps and charts all day and night,
And that his heart is set upon some scheme
Of sailing to the west, to find the pot of gold
Hid where the setting sun drops in the sea.
Methinks 't is but a doubtful compliment to her,

That he should wish to sail away from her;
I'd rather hold my lover's heart so close
That he'd no farther sail than my eyes steer;
Or far enough to come to port each night
And whisper confidences 'neath the lemon boughs.

FIRST MAIDEN. Ha! ha! thou'lt never trust thy favored swain
Beyond the reach of thy two guiding stars!

SECOND MAIDEN. Not for the fear that other maidens could
Draw him to deeper waters than my own.

FIRST MAIDEN. Perhaps, perhaps! But Philipa's sweet eyes
Would hold a man a captive 'gainst his will.
And this great captain seems a willing slave.
See how he bends on her his all-protecting glance
And seems to cover her with his devouring eyes;
I' faith it makes my own heart palpitate.

FIRST CABALLÉRO (close to her ear). Waste not those perfumed sighs on him. He 's lost,
But let them flutter towards me with this kiss, (Kisses her.)
Like butterflies poised in the sun, that sip
The honey of the wedding cup, then drown.

(She pelts him with roses, while he twines a floral chain round her, dancing and kissing her. [Scene shifts to cathedral aisle and chancel.] Priests chanting — organ pealing softly — procession winds up aisle. — The pair kneel — chanting — benediction (organ). — Procession turns — the pair coming first to foreground.)

Columbus. At last, beloved, thou art mine — all mine
Mine to protect, to cherish, to adore,
My bride, my wife, now and forevermore!

Philipa. Thine, heart and soul, to do with as thou wilt. All thine.
These orange flowers no more can bloom or bear,
Torn from their root, than I from thee, apart.
Thou art my root and branch; and from thy heart
My happiness shall spring; thine be my care.

Columbus. My heart shall be thy home, though seas divide.

Philipa. Ah, name it not to-day. Let not the thought
Of voyaging and parting e'er be fraught
With wedding bliss, our union to deride.

(Procession winds and turns— [Scene shifts to the Patio with galleries in rear]— Orange trees, vines, fountains, — lights, lanterns amid trees — fountains — small tables with vine trellises with fruits and wine.—[Procession separates]—Spanish dances (cachuca) the caballéros sing drinking chorus with clinking glasses to guitar and mandolin.)

Chorus (with mandolins).

Tra la la (la la la) tra la la (la la la)
Sing we thy wedding song.
Joy to these hours belong.
Bliss of the honey-bee,
Sipping so merrily,
Nectar in every flower,
Each rose a wedding bower;
Such joys we wish to thee
Kisses as full and free:
Trala la (la la la) trala la (la la la).

Trala la (la la la) trala (la la la).
Sweet eyes their love unveil
When sings the nightingale,
'Mid fragrant orange boughs,
Fitly exchanging vows.
Cupid has sent his darts,
Into a score of hearts.
Here in love's meshes caught,
Mischief is quickly wrought.
Trala (la la la) trala la (la la la).

GUITAR SONG.

In the dense lemon bowers
With the fruit ripe and gold,
Mid fragrance and flowers
Love never grows old.
The azaleas and rose
And sweet jasmine sprays,
Breathe perfume and love
Through the long, honeyed days.

But the nights are the best,
When nested birds sigh;
When hearts, love-oppressed,
Tell their tale 'neath the sky.
The soft bliss in the air
Thrills the love-laden breast,
Eyes seek eyes in despair,
Lips meet lips, and there rest.

(Caballéros and doñas whisper and flirt amid the vines and fountains — The doñas circle round the bride, while the chosen cavalier takes off the bride's garter and wears it upon his arm. — Columbus and Philipa withdraw and are seen in the gallery above Patio, gazing down upon the lovely scene beneath.)

Columbus. Sweet, I have won thy dearest love to wear
Upon my heart close pressed; I have great fear
Thy lovely charms will weave so close a web
To bind me, that I may not find the strength
To break away and seek my land of gold.

Philipa. Dearest, I fain would hold thee here, for aye,
No farther off than these two arms can reach;
But I have vowed to hinder thee no more
From working out thy destiny. Thy dreams
Shall reach the pinnacle the seer hath promised thee.
But that means absences and dangers, Love.
We will forget it all to-night in present bliss,
For very joy that we are one, Love, thou and I.

(Adieus from guests. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE V.

(In palace of Dom Juan II. [Golden throne. Pages, attendants, courtiers.])

Dramatis Personæ { *The King.*
Columbus, the Argonaut of Genoa.

(Enter Columbus bowing low.)

Columbus. Your Majesty, I have craved audience
To bring a subject to your cognizance,
Fraught with deep interest to Portugal.

'T is of discoveries, from careful studying
Of charts, cosmography, and of the seas
That lie beyond these coasts of Portugal.
This is an age, Sire, of discoveries,
Within this century men have had their sight
Opened to facts that have existed long,
But they, too blind to see, have groped incognizant.
I mean, Sire, the stupendous truth that earth,
Instead of being like a wheel, is spherical.
'T was hinted at by Ptolemy and Seneca;
'T is now assured, by our astronomers,
'T is no mere theory, but fact; and here
Is based my idea and discovery.

Dom Juan. We have not thought upon these subjects yet,
Nor serious consideration given.
They seem within the province of wise men,
Who give their lives to studying the laws,
And reading mysteries of earth and skies.

Columbus. Behaim and Regiomontanus concur,
In teaching this belief.

Dom Juan. Well, granting this, what wouldst thou, mariner?
We are prepared to listen to thy proofs,
If thou hast made discoveries of truth.
Thou art a mariner of Italy, I hear?

Columbus. An Argonaut, Sire, born in Genoa,

And schooled in Pavia, in the colleges.
Trained to cosmography, astronomy, and all
Pertaining to the sea, with service there,
As pilot, and as captain, since my youth.
Whence I have come to Portugal for aid —
The centre of intelligence and cult,
Which has been foremost in discoveries,
Upon the sea and in astronomy.
Sire, if the world be round, beyond this sea
Lies land, the other coast of Orient lands.
If round, why sailing from the west towards the west
We sail and sail until we reach the east.
Is it not so? I come to prove to you
That I will sail out towards the west, until
After awhile, I shall sail on, and reach
The Indies, where Golconda lies, and where
Rubies and gems and spices, (fabled wealth
That Marco Polo writes of) can be found.
I shall need ships, well stored and manned
To cross that sea of darkness; galleys strong
To face the hurricanes that sweep the sea,
There, where the sun dips down and leaves us night.

Dom Juan. This seems a mad, wild vision of thy brain.
What proof canst bring that thou couldst find a land
Upon the further shore of a great, boundless sea?
'T is madness, Christobal Colon. Thou hast come
Far from the Italian coast, to Portugal,

To air thy lunacy in futile schemes,
And find some other madman, sane as thou,
To grasp thy theories. Hast turned to Italy
To give a hearing to thy plan?

COLUMBUS. Aye, Liege!
I will confess to thee, that I did try
At Genoa to move men to credulity.
All were too busy with their own designs
Of war, or pillaging, or art, or poesy,
Or lapped in drowsy ease and love, and stupefied
In luxury and *dolce far niente*,
To heed such earnest schemes. But Portugal
Is cultured and alert, whose schools and kings
Seek wisdom and discoveries. She has enriched
The world with truths, and has patrolled the seas.
Dom Henry spent his life and substance in the quest
Of Tangiers. Lusitania gave the world
Madeira, with its wealth of fruits and spice,
The Azores, and Cape Verde, and golden sands
Of Africa, whose molten drops are coined
Into the crown of Portugal this day.
Now noble Liege, I promise you a land
Direct in line with your own coast,
Whose fertile mines yield diamonds and gems
And gold in quantities to shame Scherazzin's boast.
You for its sovereign, I for viceroy,
And I would crave of you a fleet and men.

Dom Juan. Thou dost provide well for thyself, methinks,
A golden land, and thou the viceroy!

Columbus. Certes! My Liege, if I do add this land
By my own search and knowledge, to your crown,
An admiralty were but fair return,
And right to rule the land in your own stead.

King. Thou'rt bold, nor blessed with over modesty.

Columbus. Nay, Sire, 't would ill beseem to plead so great a cause
With stinginess! 'T is grand truth given willingly,
That I can sail out through the western sea
And plant thy blazonry on jewelled shores.

King. If such a tale were true, dost thou suppose
Thou and a handful could appropriate a land,
Whose wealth is pictured by those voyagers?

Columbus. Sudden surprise, well planned, with armed men
Could wrest much gold and plant your standard there,
And other fleets could follow, for the spoils.

King. With feudal wars, and traitorous barons here,
And strife of mine own nobles' jealousy,
Think you that I could turn my arms and ships
To wrest a dreamland from a dreamer's foes?

Columbus. Nay! I beseech you, call your learned men
And bid your privy council ask my proofs.

My Liege, I should have handed first,
This letter from the learned astronomer,
Th' Italian, Toscanelli (Florentine by birth),
But by his science, child of the whole world.
He also doth believe the world a sphere
And maps it so in this chart, I hold here. (Hands letter and chart.)

KING (To pages — after reading letter).
Summon the wise men to my council hall,
The learned doctors, Maestro Roderiguez.
And Maestro Joseph from the college halls;
Send messengers on steeds to summon here
In instant audience, the prelates of the church,
The bishops of Ceuta, and of Viseau —
Who are but now in Lisbon. We must settle this.
Meanwhile, Sir Argonaut, I'll put thy words
Into the cup of my reflections, sipping them
And tasting them again, with Lisbon wine.

(Exit Columbus, bowing low. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE VI

(Council Hall, Lisbon. The bells in minarets chime, great gong strikes twelve, and Columbus and brother Bartolomeo, are ushered in by pages, bearing globe, astrolabe, compass — Columbus and Barto, bow low to King, Bishops and Doctors.)

Dramatis Personæ

Dom Juan of Portugal and his Court and lackeys, etc.
Bishops of Ceuta and Viseau.
Maestro Joseph — Maestro Rodriguez — Doctors of the University.
Christopher Columbus, with maps, globe, astrolabe, compass, etc.

King. We summon thee to Junta's conference,
To state thy theories and plead thy cause.

Columbus. But yesterday, your Majesty, I broached to you
The scheme, whose magnitude has filled my horizon.
My lords, these instruments invented recently,
(Pointing to astrolabe, compass and quadrant)
For measuring stars from the horizon,
And the sun's pathway through the zodiac,
Have taught men paths in any sea.
Now, when the stars are veiled in clouds, or when
The sun drowns all the zodiac in light,
This needle still points straight to the pole star.
See, Sire, turn as I may, it quivers back,
From any point to where the lode-star beams.

With these and cosmographs, a mariner,
Trained to the knowledge of his art, may sail
Round the whole world, yet all his bearings know.
In seas unknown, the firmament is still
His map; the constant stars his guides.
(Showing globe.)
This, Liege and Lords, is a rude emblem of the world.
Here, land; this Europe, and this Africa,
Spain, Portugal, and this is ocean, Sire;
The sea of darkness — stretching towards the West,
Yet not indefinitely — if the world be round
The western limits of this sea strike East
And wash the coast of India and Cathay.
There must be balance 'twixt the land and sea,
Else would our universe one-sided be.
God made this great world round, like yonder sun,
Though man for centuries has lived thereon
And deemed it flat, according to his ken.
Now, Liege and Lords, I leave the fact to you,
And state my theory. It is my view,
That sailing West, instead of East, we come
To India. 'T is not mere dream; conviction speaks.
I ask ships and supplies and armed men,
To prove the theory and claim the land,
For a new star in Portugal's galaxy.

KING. How doth it strike you, peers, and you, prelates,
And learned doctors, what think ye of this?

Seems it like visions of diseased brain,
Where the distorted fancies seem all truth?
Or is it reasoned well? 'T is daring thought
To fling upon so old a world, forsooth!
'T is somewhat elderly to learn it is a sphere.

Bishops. 'T is certainly strange truth to hold so firm,
Ere yet the Church has sanctioned the belief.
St. Augustine has branded heresy,
Upon the belief in the Antipodes.

Columbus. That was when heretics did publish it;
But I, a servant of the Church do wait
To offer this discovery to her.
Take it, for what 't is worth. It would be joy
To plant the cross upon this new-found world —
New but to conquer and convert, but old
As hoary Egypt and the Isles of Greece.

Maestro Joseph. The world's geography is not yet complete
Hid in the sea, doubtless new islands lie,
But to announce new lands, East of the West,
Is stretching the imagination far —
Too far, methinks. Yet I would not be one
To scorn discoveries, or sneer at truth.
For centuries the Lusitanians
Have ridden seas, and bridled distant isles
To work in harness with our Portugal.
But Lusitania knows no western paths.

Our navigators never yet have guessed
At lands beyond our isles, in Occident.

RODERIGUEZ. 'T is so! We give this man his due, —
A pilot and brave captain, who has read
These tales of travellers. Versed in astronomy,
Reading the constellations, wheeling round
The pole, his astrolabe and cosmographs
Have taught him much. Yet is he somewhat wrecked
Upon this thought, dwelt on too steadily.
The human mind is strained by dwelling long
Upon a single wish or an idea.

COLUMBUS. Alas, my lords! Alas, your Majesty!
Let not this fallacy destroy my cause!
Discoveries await our reaching grasp;
I pray you test my reasoning in this;
Call not my arguments insanity!
I do beseech you ponder yet awhile,
Ere you do kill the hopes that burn in me.
As I do know God lives in heaven, and hears
Our prayers, so I do know that land lies westerly.
Prithee, postpone your answer to a later time,
Give it your studious thought, your prayerful care.
Perhaps, perhaps, conviction may arise
To show you reason in my theory.
O God! Perchance an intimacy with the thought
May breed a friendship for it in your minds.

Dom Juan. We will consider it again, meantime,
'T were best thou cravedst less share in thy discovery.
Discoverers should rather dwell upon
The benefits they give mankind, than aim
To let their greed grasp at great personal demand.

Columbus (bowing). I thank your Majesty for further hope,
Which God and all the saints grant verified;
Yet if by help of yours, this glorious quest,
Bring the fulfilment I expect, is 't boon too great
For the discoverer to share the spoils,
And crave the honors he has justly won?

Dom Juan. Well, well! Of this anon. Thou art dismissed.
(Columbus departs.)
My Lords, what think you of his theories?
Is he a madman, dreaming of some scheme
That hath possessed his brain, or doth it seem
Truth speaks through him? The world seems turning round
And casting up new thoughts with every tide.
The old philosophers seem growing stale,
In the new ferment of men's thought and dreams.

Prelates. Sire, we have fears of this man's probity;
He seems self-seeking, as if greed had bit
Like rust into the temper of his steel.
The Church, too, hesitates to grasp new beliefs
And sanction theories which might subvert
Her hold upon men's minds.

King. The Church must not expect
To kill discoveries; she would not crush
Truth out, as men extinguish flames. She must
Adopt new truths — if they be truths, and cover them
As doth the hen her brood beneath her breast.

Bishop of Ceuta. The Church, your Highness, does not know the word
You use so freely — *must* — at least not as applied
Unto herself. The church commands, decides.
The fledgelings hatchèd by inquiring minds
Must take their chance, according to their worth.

Dom Juan. True, true! What sayest thou, Maestro Roderiguez?

Roderiguez. We will consider all the bearings of the case,
Whether the man has studied science well,
Whether philosophers have hinted this.
There must be more in it than seems at sight.

King. So be it! I will send him on a cruise
To keep his mind employed, and test his powers
Whilst thou art studying his theories.

(Junta is dismissed. The king and council marching from the hall — Curtain falls.)

SCENE VII.

(Patio of Columbus' house [vines, flowers around the square court] where sits Columbus drawing charts and maps at table. Philipa sitting by his feet upon divan. Columbus leaning head upon crossed arms.)

Columbus. I am aweary Philipa, 't is months
Since the commission met, and by a hair
The sword of fate, hung, o'er my enterprise.

Philipa. Nay, dearest, not of fate, hast thou forgot
The Arab's promises? Have better faith,
Kings may not crush God's will. God overrules.
Trust him to make a way for thee to work,
And carry out thy destiny and fate.

Columbus. Again, my Comforter, thou giv'st me hope,
And without hope one's wings are clipped 'gainst flight.
Thank God, I have thy faith to anchor on,
And thy encouragement to stay my restless soul.
A helping, trusting wife is God's best gift,
She strengthens weakness, doubles strength, and gives
A refuge from the heartless storms of life.
'T is this thou art to me, Philipa! (Knocking at gate.) Hold! what now!

(Enter king's messenger with sealed letter.)

MESSENGER. From the King John to Christopher Columbus.

COLUMBUS. It is my answer! Pray be seated, sir,
Philipa offer hospitality!
(She gives fruits and wine. — Reads)
"The learned men appointed to discuss
The question of thy new strange theories
Regarding the round world, and western course,
Across the ocean to the East, decide again.
'T is futile to attempt that which no man
Hath ever undertaken, with no proof
That it is possible. They deem it worse
Than useless risk of life and means.
Now for this question: to be strictly just
We will convene a great High Council of the realm.
Write all thy arguments and state thy cause
With utmost clearness, with authorities,
And reasons and all facts and proofs.
These we will hand ourself. Meanwhile we send
A caravel to Ceuta, giving thee command.
Prepare to sail into the tropic seas." (Philipa shows agitation

COLUMBUS (to page). Carry, I prithee, to his majesty
My grateful sense of his beneficence.
I shall be ready at his word to sail. (Exit messenger.)
(To Philipa.)
See, in defeat, he bids me hope and wait (Sighs.)
And our first parting comes!

Philipa. Ah! blessed saints!
I am a seaman's daughter, and the wife
Of one whose home is on the cruel sea.
I must be brave. I *will* be brave, O love!
The awful, dreary days when thou art gone!
The parting! Oh, the cruel vengeful sea! (Weeping.)

Columbus. Nay, love, thou art my refuge. Make it then, less hard
To leave thy dear, beloved presence. Bid me go;

(She shakes her head weeping.)

When I have writ these papers for the councillors.

(She places ink and quills ready and sits with head upon his knee — he writes — she clings to his knees until the evening falls — he turns. Sunlight falls upon their faces.)

Columbus. Here, sweetheart, is my oft-told tale again,
Ready to meet its dull inquisitors.
Would every word were a sharp arrow-point,
To pierce the thick hide of their ignorance.

Philipa. Hush! this is treason, and leaves whisper tales.
Add not a danger to our cup of woe.

Columbus. Beloved, when I am upon the deep,
And the sun seeks, as now, its westering,
Trailing its golden fleece athwart the sky,
From my lone post, I'll send my thoughts to Portugal
To meet thee at this same sweet, sunset hour.
Pray for me then; for here our prayers can meet,

In this warm lap of day, ere night shall fall.
And in the night, when thou dost think of me,
Turn to the pole star with thy love and prayers,
And I will meet thee there, so far above
The earth's sad partings that our spirits meet
As at God's thone. This thought shall comfort us,
This meeting at God's footstool, give us strength
Until that happy day unites us here.

PHILIPA. In all these months of wedded bliss have we
Lain in each other's arms, and in each other's thoughts,
Without a day, or separating thought, between.
Now will I follow thee by night and day,
Meet thee at sunset and at the pole star.
Ere thou return, our hope shall be fulfilled
And I receive alone, the treasure of our home.

COLUMBUS. 'T is true, what comfort will those tiny arms
Bring to thy heart — what dangers too! ah, me!
I dare not think of it — and I at sea.

PHILIPA. God shall be with us both, and with our babe.

Santa Maria, *Ave Maria*, hear,
Ora pro nobis! Mater sanctissima.

(They bow their heads together in prayer. — Curtain falls.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

(Lisbon. House of Christopher Columbus — Ten years later. — Room opening upon Patio — Columbus [older and more worn], Bartolomeo and Philipa and son — a lad of ten years.)

Dramatis Personæ

Christopher Columbus, mariner and maker of maps and charts.
Philipa Columbus, his wife.
Diego Columbus, his son, lad of ten years.
Bartolomeo Columbus, his brother.

Bartolomeo. I tell thee, brother, it were best,
To set aside these hopes that age thy looks,
And wear thy heart to shreds, since ten long years.
After the council found impossible,
To send a fleet across those unknown seas,
Thou should'st have let it rest, and lived thy life
For wife and child, earning a competence
By making maps and charts and astrolabes,
For which thy skill is famed, here and abroad.

Philipa. Yes, husband, it is better thus. We need —
I and our boy — thy daily ministering.
Thou'rt teaching him thy wisdom and philosophy,

And all thy work in astrolabes and maps
Is scarce sufficient for our daily needs,
Through these ten years of alternating hopes and fears.
Give up those haunting visions of the sea,
Since they have brought but cold discouragement.
I've hoped and prayed, until my faith
Lies shattered, 'mid the ruins of our lives.
Nothing but poverty and grinding care
Meet those who plan achievements for the world.
My brothers, who have shared thy hopes, now say,
'T is better not to fight against the times,
Since they progress so slowly towards thy end.
Some argonauts more fortunate have found,
Islands of plenty, within men's easy reach.
But thou art ever struggling for the never seen,
And losing chances for advancement, here.

Columbus. Now art thou not my refuge from my fate!
Thou hast lost confidence, and losing that,
Hast dragged my hopes down to low ebb.
True thou hast had discouragements and fears
And disappointments — so have I — yet hope
To win help and success.

Philipa. That canst thou never do,
The time is past; The fools and councillors
Who do surround Dom Juan, believe thee *mad;*
And I do sometimes fear this menaces.

Columbus. Silence! I bid thee! Would'st thou stifle me
Beneath this veil of ignorance and despair?
These voyages, the king hath sent me on,
To Africa and Tangiers, and the North,
Show that he doth not think me mad. E'en yet
Though God hath bound his sight in blindness — no,
Not God; but he who rules the evil upon earth —
He shall be brought to see the truth of this,
And stretch his hands out to the promised land.

Philipa. Dost thou forget the Arab's prophecy?
'T was Spain, not Portugal, he prophesied
Should plant its blazonry upon the land.

Columbus. His vision placed me there, he saw not clear
Whose colors barred the standard in my hand.
My Philipa, and thou Diego, come,
And bid me prosper in my future quest.

Philipa (rising and blessing). God bless thee, dearest! 'T is all I can say!

Diego. God help thee, father, on thy anxious way!
(They embrace him.)

Columbus. Now I have courage for the years to come —
(Rising and pointing — vision on wall.)
Behold! I see a land beyond yon sea,
With golden sands, 'neath shining morning sun.

Gems sparkle on that coast, like twinkling eyes.
I ride there like a conqueror in state,
And thou beside me, sittest like a queen;
It seems a tropic land, so fair and green;
With palms, and orange trees, and lofty date.

(Tableau — Curtain falls.)

SCENE II.

(Dom Juan alone in anteroom of palace. Enter Perez Vazquez, a Portuguese pilot.)

King (after looking behind portière).
I have grave matters to discuss with thee;
Art thou discreet and brave? I hear thou art.
Therefore I choose thee, from among my mariners.

Vazquez. Gladly I'd forfeit life, my liege, for you.
Gladly risk all to serve your purposes.

King. This then, my plan — but first swear secrecy,
That thy left hand know not its fellow's work.

Vazquez. By all the saints, and by Mahomet's beard!
Death could not wring one utterance nor look.

DOM JUAN. Mahomet's beard is naught! The iron teeth
Of inquisition, punish broken vows.

VAZQUEZ. I swear by word of honor to my King!

KING. This madman, Christopher Columbus holds
The earth is round, not flat, and being so,
He claims he can reach India, by sailing West,
By sailing past the West, to East again,
And so find India, and finding, keep,
Since it would lie in line direct from Portugal!
My council and the wise men believe it false;
But I believe there's something in the tale.
Could you, all secretly, prepare a caravel,
With skillful men and all necessities,
To find that land he speaks of — on pretence
Of carrying provisions to Cape Verde?

VAZQUEZ. I can do all another man has done,
And dare do something, man has never tried;
But if this be vain dream, if no land lies,
Within a month's sail towards the setting sun,
Shall we return? Or if we reach that point,
Where the hot sun drops in the boiling sea,
And brews the cyclones, shall we still proceed?

KING. Fool! hast thou thus long watched the setting sun
And know'st not this same sun that sets at eve,

Doth rise out of the east for a new day,
And rolls around our planet every day?

VAZQUEZ. So landsmen say, Your Majesty,
But seamen say it dips into the sea,
And stirs the hurricanes for tropic lands.

KING. Pof! Out upon thee for a very fool!
I have great mind to give the quest
Unto some other, better versed than thou
In science of astronomy.

VAZQUEZ. Pardon, Your Majesty, you scarce will find
One better versed in seamanship, or, one,
Who would more faithfully do your behest.
I do not claim to be astronomer,
Yet know the pole star and the compass, well.

KING. Provision well thy caravel, and take
Arms to assert our right, and plant our colors there.
Columbus, at our castle at Minos
Will never know thy course; provisioning Cape Verde
Will be thy pretext to thy mariners,
And reason to all, for thy voyage West.
Sail on and on for two months, steadily,
This distance West will set the point at rest.

VAZQUEZ (aside). And set us resting too, methinks!
(Aloud). Aye! aye! My Liege.

I'll test this thing, and do your will, or else
No more shall Vazquez sail a caravel.

King. You'll find the vessel waiting at Santos.

Vazquez. Aye! aye! My Liege, I will prepare at once.

(Exit Vazquez.)

King (meditating). Why should I hesitate to send this man?
I'm master in mine own lands. Church and State
Denounce Columbus for his wild demands.
I, if I find his story true, can give
Such compensation to him as is fair;
But share all profits and all honors? No!
I might e'en give him the estates I wrenched
From Duke of Mazina, for treason — or at least,
Divide 'twixt him, and offering to the Church.
Columbus is far hence upon the Afric' coast
With Geraldi, our court astronomer;
To study tropic skies and seas, near the great line;
That marks the sun's path through the zodiac.

(Curtain falls.)

SCENE III.

(Inn at Porto Santo — Enter Columbus and Pedro Correa — his wife's brother, who lived upon the family inheritance — the Isle of Porto Santo. — Small inn with seaman's surroundings, nets, etc.)

Dramatis Personæ {
Columbus, just returned from cruise.
Pedro Correa, brother of Columbus' wife,
Philipa.
Diègo Columbus, his son.
Seamen — Bandits.

Pedro. Thrice welcome! Thou hast just reached port?
For three months we have kept an anxious watch
For thy returning vessel. Welcome home!
I have some tidings for thee —

Columbus (excitedly). From my home? —
Philipa, is she well? —

Pedro (hesitating). Aye! 'T is well with her.
At least so say we of God's blessed saints.

Columbus. God's saints? What meanest thou? Answer quick!
My wife! my lovely angel wife I've dreamed of, so!

Pedro. 'T is well with her; she is at rest, sweet soul!
And nevermore will grieve, alone, at home;
Or weep thy blasted hopes, as she has done.

Columbus. Say quickly, Pedro, is my darling dead?

Pedro. Aye! She is sleeping where the olives sigh
'Mid sombre shades, where cypress points to heaven;
Which is the home now, of our blessed saint. (Weeping.)

Columbus (wringing his hands and weeping).
Now all is lost! The dreams I had for her —
When she should sit beside me on a throne,
And on her lily neck should gleam
Diamonds scarce brighter than her beaming eyes, —
Are futile now! Dead! dead, you say? She gone?
All that calm beauty, all that sweetness, gone?
Oh, my beloved! Would that I had lived
Only to bask in that sweet smile; to rest
In the kind radiance of that loving glance,
Which I alas! alas! left for ambition's dreams,
Nor heeded thy soft pleadings to remain!
Would God, I had remained; nor left thy side;
There only was my peace, my happiness.
But these elusive hopes did drive me hence.
Oh, Philipa, beloved, I made thee grieve,
By my vain, worthless dreams! The while I loved
Thee, and thee only, more than all the world.
Now, now that thou art gone, I see my fault.

PEDRO. Nay, do not lash thyself, thou did'st mean well.

COLUMBUS. Where is Dièg o? Motherless! He too is stripped
Of all that made life sweet and bearable.

PEDRO. He is here, waiting for thee. His deep grief
Seems to consume his body with his soul.
Perhaps his father's love will comfort him.
(Calling from the door) Dièg o! Dièg o!

(Enter Diego — flinging himself into his father's arms, sobbing.)

COLUMBUS. My little son! My little stricken son!
No more will I depart, and leave my boy behind.
My Diego, my one nestling — only lamb (patting him)
Of my Philipa — of my angel wife!

DIEGO. O father, she did call for thee by day and night,
Always for Christo, never for her boy! (Sobbing.)

COLUMBUS. Because I was away from her. Ah woe!
And thou, my boy, wast ever at her side.
Was it the fever?

DIEGO. Aye! fever followed —
She could not eat nor sleep; but wept for thee,
Until they said her heart preyed on her life.

COLUMBUS. God! Is this laid on me? I, who did love her so!

My own heart crying — I did stifle it,
For that same dream that has shipwrecked our lives.

Diego (caressing him). But she is happy now, they say, in Heaven!

Columbus. Yes, with God's saints! And she was happy here
When we did share together, our dear home!

(Enter some seamen, who call for wine and sit gossiping and drinking at table.)

First Seaman. I tell thee 't was luck saved us from that storm.
Our galley dipped and twisted like a cork.
The hurricane did lash the boiling sea
And spin us like a chip, yet would the pilot sail
To West and West and West, until we saw
Not far ahead the hissing hole
The sun leaves, plunging in the sea,
Where he doth brew these awful tornadoes.
Green arms of mermaids clutched our sides, and grasped
The furled sails, and twisted round the ropes,
Struggling to drag us in. 'T was horrible!

Second Seaman. At night the sea turned molten fire, we could see
Those arms reach out to clutch us, serpents, huge,
Entwined and rolled and struggled in the sea,
Which was but lurid flame. Yet still to West
Our Captain Vazquez pushed, to reach some land,
Round on the other side of nowhere. (Columbus listens.)
Then, in an awful gale, we mutinied —

We took the rudder, manned the helm and bound
The captain, swearing like the very De'il.

Seaman. You bound your captain! why, 't was treason, man!

First Seaman. It were worse treason to be swallowed in that sea;
For 't was the mouth of Hell.

Seaman. Why sailed he west? (Columbus listens excitedly.)

First Seaman. The king had sent him out upon some quest,
To find the promised land, beyond the West.
I' faith 't would be a promised land to us,
To sail into death's jaws, with ship and all!

Second Seaman. We argufied Vazquez, with cutlasses,
Until he swore he'd take us back to Portugal,
If our maimed ship and wounded men could hope
Ever to sail into a port again.
Sans mast and sails, sans food and everything.
Our threats did scarce more turn him back
Than those witch arms, and serpents in the sea.

Columbus (rising and facing them).
What did you say about your western course,
And why did Vazquez sail into the West?

Third Mariner. Well, we are bound to secrecy, because
The king commissioned him to find that land
On pain of death, and when 't was found, to hide

The secret from some crazy mariner.
But as it was not found, there's naught to hide,
Concealment's naught, where nothing doth exist.

Columbus. The king? Dom John? Why this is treachery!
Pardieu! He dared to use my secret for his ends!

Mariner. This is rank treason! We will have thee up
For traitor, if thou darest rail like this.

Columbus. Treason? traitor? Thou miscall'st the term!
To wrest a man's discovery from him,
And whilst he bides the time to test its truth,
To steal it for himself! There's treason here, —
(Pacing up and down excitedly.)
Treason to truth and honor! I had rather be
True to myself and honor's claim, though slave,
Than be a traitor sovereign. Treachery!
Treason, upon the crown of Portugal!

Pedro. Heed not what he is saying: he but raves.
His wife hath died, and it hath crazed his brain.

Seamen all. 'T is the mad mariner!

Columbus (to Pedro). I am not mad
Save in my bruised soul! I'll go this night,
To that vile traitor — King of Portugal.

Diego (clinging). My father, leave me not!

COLUMBUS. Nay! I'll ne'er leave thee, son,
We two are all alone, now, in this world.
I go at once to Lisbon to that king.

(Exeunt Columbus and Diego.)

PEDRO. Ne'er heed him! His wife's death has turned his brain.

SEAMAN. He doth seem crazy as a lunatic; and yet,
There seems some show of sanity in what he says.

PEDRO. 'T is often so with madmen. (Exit Pedro.)
(Aside.) I fear for his life!

FIRST SEAMAN. Poor dog! I hope he'll find another, soon,
There is no comfort for a widower
Like filling up the gap right speedily.
Hast heard why widowers are like young babes?

SECOND SEAMAN. Now hast thou found thy landward sense again!
Methinks, because they weep and wail and need,
Some tender soul to nurse them back to joy?

FIRST SEAMAN. Not so! 'T is plain they are but like young babes,
Because they soon take notice, and because
'T is hard to get them through their second summer safe.

SECOND SEAMAN. Ho! Ho! Now dost thou crack so old a nut?
I'll beat thy riddle, which is stale as last year's grapes.
Why is a widow like a vessel wrecked?

First Seaman. Because her pilot has gone overboard?

Second Seaman. No! Because her mate is gone and she 's in weeds.

First Seaman. Ho! ho! Since we are telling jokes to celebrate
Our rescue from the deep, what shall we do
If Vazquez should impeach, for mutiny?

Second Seaman. Ha! this is far too serious for a joke,
Our course would be to vanish out of reach.

First Seaman. Nay! it were better, turn state's evidence,
T' impeach this madman; he has reason left.
He is that man, Columbus, Vazquez feared,
He learned our secret, and will seek the king,
Then shall our necks be wrung for telling it.
'T were best we head him off, lest he behead us,
And so, to keep a head on, we will go ahead.

Second Seaman. Faith! thou'rt off thy head now, with this heady wine!
We'll drink a parting dram and follow him.

(All drink and clink glasses and depart. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE IV.

(Lisbon. Throne Room of Palace — King Dom Juan in gorgeous robes, with pages, soldiers, courtiers. — Enter Columbus ushered in by pages — plain attire [Spanish, mourning for his wife]).

Dramatis Personæ { *Dom Juan, with courtiers, soldiers, pages, etc.*
Christopher Columbus.

KING. Thou hast returned from Ceuta, mariner?
What progress made you in discoveries?

COLUMBUS. We have returned, Seigneur, with fair report.
And I, yes, I have made discoveries. (Excitedly.)

KING. How fared you at La Mina?

COLUMBUS. Better than I feared!
The soft sea air tempered the burning rays,
And when the red sun dipped below the line,
Cold mists fell from the paling skies,
And bathed the parched earth like summer showers,
Else could no flesh or life have borne the heat.
We mapped the constellations of the South,
And measured altitude of southern cross,
And declination of pole star; but this
Geraldi will report. I would discuss

Some other matters with your majesty. (King starts.)
Scarcely had I arrived in port, I met
Some seamen just returning from a quest
Sent by your majesty, o'er western seas,
To find some land — the land *I would discover*, Sire.

King. Well! if it pleases me to send men forth,
To sail on the free seas, what's that to thee?

Columbus. In unknown seas, 't is naught. But if discoverer
After long study, find a clue, and then
Reveal it, for aid to investigate —
That secret is first his, by all the laws of right!

King. Beware, Columbus, thou art preaching to a king.

Columbus. Sire, I but speak of honor and justice,
Like Ahab's rights that David coveted.

King. Dost dare fling insolence at me, the king?
I'll have thee fettered for thy impudence,
That in a dungeon thou may'st eat thy traitorous words!
(To soldiers) To the dark crypt beneath the palace wall!

Columbus. Sire; but one moment. Wait I pray!

King (to guards). Hold, then!

Columbus. Condemn me not, I pray. If my quick tongue
Hath put too strong a claim upon my rights.

Forbear! Remember Liege, my life 's in this,
And all my years I've wasted, pleading it.

KING. Release him! We'll show clemency.
'T is part of that same madness of the brain
That made him rave and dream so of that land.
We tested it and found e'en as we feared,
'T was vain chimera of a mind diseased.

COLUMBUS (wringing hands). My Lord! My Liege! that was no test.
I swear.
By holy cross upon my breast, those men
Unbelieving and untutored could not find,
The path to Cipango across the sea.
Why did you not put confidence in me;
I swear the land is there, and I have faith
That I can find it. Regiomontanus, Behaim,
E'en Ptolemy and Cicero and Strabo, believed,
And learned men, throughout the world to-day,
Believe this thing, that sailing West we reach the East,
By belt of ocean. This sire, is my theory,
And by God's right I claim the privilege,
Of working out mine own discovery.

KING. How is it thine, if wise men know it, too?

COLUMBUS. 'T is mine to use the knowledge practically.
My right, by all that's true in earth or heaven!

King. The Church and State are quick, in Portugal,
To stamp out treason with a traitor's life,
Therefore beware!

Columbus. Adieu, my Liege. 'T were best I went
Ere this swift tongue give rein, too free, to thought!
(Bowing and retiring.)
(Aside) To be a king and use the regal power,
To trample right and crush truth to the earth!

Page. What say'st thou?

Columbus. 'T is naught but scratching in my throat from cold.
(Reaches street [with trees. Scene slides before throne room].)
Now is all gone; wife, home, hope and my rights!
Ah, me! When men are robbed of all that life holds dear,
'T were better they were dead — dead, but not hid
In slimy dungeons, to rot out by inches there!
And this would be my fate in Portugal.
I will away this night, ere that thief's clemency
Prey on his conscience, and he shut me up
To inquisition's tender courtesies!
White-livered coward! thus to guard his deeds
Of treachery — yes, treachery, though he be a king!
A king is but a man in higher state,
With higher duties and more power for good.
A king! to steal a subject's proper rights,
For his own benefit! 'T is treason's self!
Treason to right, to man, to God! The king

Hath thus been traitor to himself and me. (Looking up.)
Ha! hearest thou my treason, lofty trees,
Great cypresses and whispering olive-trees,
Will ye proclaim these treasonable words,
As men would do if they, my venom, heard?
Silence! rash tongue! I'll hold thee 'twixt my teeth
Until I'm safely out of Portugal.

(Seaman springing out of bushes, with cutlass. Grasping Columbus.)

SEAMAN. Hold there, traitor! thou art my prisoner!
I've heard thy ravings, and shall give thee up
To justice, for thy treason to the king.

COLUMBUS (struggling). Unhand me, I was studying a play.

SEAMAN. A play! thyself the actor! Come, I say.

COLUMBUS. I ne'er harmed thee; come, brother, share my spoils.
(Pours gold on ground from purse.)
Here are some ducats raining on the ground,
Collect the shower, and let me find my home,
I'll ne'er go play-acting again in Portugal.

(Exit Columbus.)

SEAMAN. Be off then! This gold melts into the ground,
Such drops do run off faster then they fall —
This is that fool, Columbus; mad or sane,
His ravings cost him dear this time, but better thus
Than prisoned in a dungeon for his words.

(Exit seaman. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE V.

(Wooded road to convent of La Rabida. Gate of convent to right. — Columbus and Diego, in friar's gowns and cowls wandering with traveler's staffs. —Wooded country, with monastery in distance.)

Dramatis Personæ { *Christopher Columbus, now called Christobal Colon.* / *Diego Columbus.* / *Fra Perez de Marchena, Dominican prior of monastery.*

Columbus. And this is Spain! These orange trees and limes,
These vines with pendant fruit, like emerald drops,
And amethyst and amber jewels, hung,
Seem quite like Portugal, yet richer far,
In fruits and vines and women. See yon eyes,
That rival this fair fruit. Diego, thy mother's eyes
Were far more beautiful. Weep not, my son,
The rather let us follow her sweet life
And gentle teaching. — We have well escaped
Great dangers. Naught but friars could pass
Those city walls, and sentinels at post.

Diego. But I am weary, after all these days!

Columbus. Yonder is Rabida monastery,

We will apply for food and lodging there.

(Reaching gate and knocking.)

Hast thou no lodging for two travelers
Footsore and weary, come from Portugal?
Three days we've toiled along these dusty roads.

MONK (at lattice). Art of the faithful, or of heretics?

COLUMBUS. That we are weary, should first claim thy help;
And since we are good Catholics, with rosaries,
Have double claims upon thy hospitality.

MONK (eyeing Columbus and Diego).
In times like these, of war and treachery,
We must be cautious whom we entertain.

COLUMBUS. Lest thou should'st entertain an angel unawares?

MONK. Thou'rt learned in holy writ. Thy friar's garb
Would mark thee from some convent sent,
Or friar tarrying on holy quest?

COLUMBUS. Nay, father, but two servants of the Church,
Who wear its garb to shield from sudden harm;
And as a passport to a Christian land.
We flee from risk and loss in Portugal,
Where I have given umbrage to the king,
Who sought to rob me of my heritage.

Monk (holding gate open).

Enter and rest. Thou must be worn indeed.

(Seating them at table with bread and wine.)

From thy fair hair, thou art not Portuguese?

Columbus. I am an argonaut from Genoa,
Who 've plied my trade in many seas and lands,
And last in Lisbon, where I loved and wed,
And lost, the dearest wife man ever knew. (Monk crosses himself.)
And this is Diego, only son of her I loved.
I've studied much, learned many languages,
Geography, astronomy, and all a mariner should know;
Truths held by scholars; truths of earth and sky,
That seem chimerical to those untaught.
I proved a land beyond the western seas,
And while I waited chance to compass it,
Dom Juan sent mariners to seek my promised land,
To wrest it secretly for his own ends.

Monk. By holy saints, but this was treachery!

Columbus. I taxed him with it, whence he sought my life.
And from my jeopardy, I fled to Spain,
And here would stay until I find some way,
Of placing my discovery before your king.

Monk. The expedition sent, did it succeed?

COLUMBUS. By Heavens, no! could ignorant hirelings know
The faith and knowledge needed for such scheme?
My faith in my discovery would hold,
Through dangers piled on dangers, to success.
But one who blindly went where he was sent,
Nor believed such land was hid beyond yon sea,
Would be affrighted by the storms and risks,
And would return, as did Juan's mariner.

MONK. See how God rules men's ills to his own end!
Thou cam'st a refugee and happened'st here,
And I have influence with the queen's priest,
Fra Talavera, who might serve thee well.
I believe thy truth and will send thee to him.

(Angelus rings. — Both bow in prayer. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE VI.

(Columbus departing from monastery of La Rabida — Fra Juan Perez, Christopher Columbus, Diego.)

DIEGO. The fathers are most kind, but I would go with thee.
Oh, leave me not alone; for thou didst promise it.

COLUMBUS. Nay, son, thou must have learning as becomes a man,
And I must travel back and forth again,

To reach the king and queen, and earn for thee
Title and wealth, and place 'mid princes' sons.

Diego. I'd rather toil with thee than sit with them!

Columbus. Thy father bids thee stay with these good monks,
And learn all that pertains to Christian man.

(Enter Fra Perez with letter.)

Fra Perez. Here is my letter to Fra Talavera.
'T will serve thee a good purpose. But the times
Are scarce propitious for thee. Wars rage hot
'Gainst feudal lords, and 'gainst the Moorish kings,
Leaving scant time for new discoveries.
Adieu! God bless thee!

Diego (weeping). Farewell! farewell!

Columbus. Adieu — farewell! (Departs.)

(Reading letter).

"To Fra Talavera — confessor to the queen.
My brother: as we aid God's truths and works,
And help the spread of science in the world,
We aid *the Church*. She seeks enlightenment,
Whose knowledge sheds the light to guide
Her toilers to a wider reach of truth.
The Church should lead the way in new research,
And set her seal on each discovery,
Hence I do recommend to thee this man,

Christobal Colon; he's an argonaut,
A scholar versed in lore of the philosophers,
And of the land and sea. He hath strange views,
Which seem most plausible. I send him thee,
To steer his cause, and interest the queen,
As thou can'st guide her thought in the confessional,
If 't is to thee, the revelation I have found.
Yours, PEREZ DE MARCHENA."

Well said! If I succeed in quest and gains,
Thou shalt be Cardinal in that new land, Perez.
And now for Talavera and the queen!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

(Salamanca — St. Stephen's church [fine Moorish building — delicate arches and pillars, stucco walls and ceiling — open-work, like lace. — Ferdinand and Isabella on throne — Cardinal Mendoza — Diego de Deza — De Cardena [learned doctors of the University] — Jean Cabrera [court chamberlain] in robes of office. Other learned doctors of the University. Enter Columbus in court dress, led by Talavera.)

Talavera. This is the man, your Majesties, to whom
This letter from the friar, Perez, turned my thought,
And to the truths he would expound. It seems a cause
(King reads letter.)
Worth hearing; hence have I craved audience.

Columbus (on one knee kisses hands of Ferdinand and Isabella).
(Aside.) Now help me Heaven, if my cause be just! (Rising.)
Your Majesties and Lords! Myself am naught,
Yet you would need some introduction — I
Christobal Colon, Genoese by birth,
Have sailed in all known seas, by compass and quadrant,
Astronomy, cosmography, philosophy,
Have learned at Pavia; and further read
Pythagoras, and Aristotle, Seneca,
And other wise philosophers, wherein I find
A hint — and a belief in this earth's spheric form.

Doubtless your Highnesses are versed in proofs
— Earth's shadow on the moon, in the eclipse —
The circle of horizon — change of temperature
In zones — all go to prove the theory,
Believed now by many learned men.

Cardinal Mendoza. We have not certified a credence in this faith;
The Church is cautious of new theories.

Columbus. My Lord, my theory is based on this, —
Grant it for argument, and let me state
My proposition. Pliny says:
"Hypothesis may sometimes be the stair
To climb the heights of truth." Admit, for argument,
The earth is round — if round, we reach the East
By sailing furthest West. Where ends the sea?
Coming from Orient to Occident,
Is span of thousands leagues of land and sea.
Surely the sea will span round to the land again.
That land the Cathay, Marco Polo wrote about —
A land of gold and jewels, richer far
Than Afric's coast. Cipango lies there too,
And India with rich Golconda's mines.
These lie to East. By sailing westerly,
This sea of darkness, leaving our fair coast,
Doth touch those Orient lands on further shore.
This is my theory; this would I test,

Risking my life and fate upon this quest.
So thou would'st grant the means. 'T would add to Spain
A continent of wealth beyond compare,
The right to seek these treasures, and the power
To plant the cross and flag of Spain on heathen shores.

King Ferdinand. If earth's sphericity be provêd, thy belief,
Seems plausible. But of that unknown sea,
What dangers and what mysteries lie beyond?

Columbus. Judging from what we know, your Majesty,
Not greater risk than on the Afric coast,
Whose vertical sun doth blister wood, and sear
Man's life and blood like burning flame.

King Ferdinand. It seems chimerical, and in such times,
When Moorish wars are needing all our strength,
It were impossible to find the means.

(Deza and Cardena consult and whisper).

De Deza. Of the earth's roundness, some philosophers
Did hint, Pythagoras and Seneca
Do mention it, and Aristotle too
Speaks of the atmosphere of the round world;
But they ne'er taught the fact; shall we presume
To teach and hold more than these sages knew?

Columbus. The world, sirs, is progressing year by year.

Cardinal. We shall outrun the fathers at such gait,
Who ne'er did foster b'liefs the scriptures never taught.

Columbus. Esdras gives many hints of this; and David speaks
Of western lands beyond the furthest seas.
'T will be a crusade thus to bear the cross
To heathen lands, whose gold may buy the sepulchre.

Queen Isabella. And Liege, these lands, if found, would yield to us
Largess of gold to fill our revenues.

Cabrera. 'T were well if new-found wealth could flow again
To plenish coffers stripped by Moorish wars.

King Ferdinand. But this requires, as 't is in all things else,
Gold to breed gold, and so to fructify
In wealth to fill bare treasuries. Gold eggs
May hatch gold birds; but golden eggs are rare: —
Thine eggs may addle on this unknown sea.
What said the King of Portugal to thee?

Columbus. But this, your Majesty: his credence went so far,
He sent a secret expedition out,
To steal my hoped-for land — which, stolen, wrought
Disaster. How could one expect to win,
By sending ignorance, without faith, to seek
An unknown path across an unknown sea?

King. Methinks 't was hard on thee, and yet the plan
Might find fulfilment e'en in other hands.

Columbus. Nay, Sire! Discoverers have faith that's born
Of their own inspiration. He had none;
He did the bidding of the king, with fear.
Neither believed nor hoped to see that promised land.

King. If we should aid thee find this land, what claim
Wouldst make, if thy quest should successful be?

Columbus. But what is just. — I should be admiral,
To guide my fleet aright, and that, for life,
And viceroy of lands won for the crown,
With tithe of all the treasures won for Spain.

King Tut! tut! Thy claims are monstrous! We must bear
Expense and risk, and thou dost ask for thee
The lion's share of all emolument.

Columbus. Seems it a lion's share when 't is my scheme,
And I shall add to Spain, perchance a continent?

King. Doubtless 't was thy demands that frightened Dom Juan.
We'll not consider it! When thou canst come,
With fervor for discovery, and not for gold —
If we are fortunate in war, perhaps
We'll think again upon thy vision's quest.
Think ye not so my lords? (Isabella is excited.)

CARDINALS. We have not wholly grasped the primal step —
Whether the earth be round, and reaches to those lands.

CARDENA. Methinks 't were better, prove this statement, first,
By study of the fathers; it were best to wait
Until we have digested all the proofs.
This yet might tally with Granada's fall.

COLUMBUS (pleadingly). Give me this promise, now, your Majesties,
That if Granada fall, and this seem wise,
You will again consider it, and give
Such aid as is befitting! Prithee this?

KING. We will consider it, if by our arms
The Moors are driven from this last hold in Spain.
And thou shalt reconsider, too, thy claims.

COLUMBUS (kneeling).
Thanks! thanks! I' ll live on this, and pray success
Both to your arms and to our noble scheme.
My claims must not stand in achievement's way.
(Cardinals give him blessing, and he and Talavera retire.)

CARDINAL MENDOZA. Sire, he doth seem most wise and full of faith.

KING. So do all madmen in their mental dreams.
Though he doth seem to reason well. 'T is strange
What new ideas do wake with time;
Each year adds wonders to the record past!

Cardinal Mendoza. And will, methinks, long as the world doth stand.
'T is well to foster these discoveries,
Their glory is reflected on the land
That gave them birth, and also on the Church.

Cardena. This is an age of ferment which doth rise,
And sour in students' minds, until there comes
Some genius who can utilize the thought
That worked the ferment, and thus brew new fact.
So come great truths: 't is well to heed their prophecies
If based on reasonable proof.

King. If thus
The primate of the university
Can recommend this seeming crazy scheme,
And Holy Church can sanction the experiment,
We feel it must be worth considering.

(Junta is dismissed. Rising and bowing. Procession rises, passing down aisles of St. Stephen's. First, king and queen with pages and train-bearers; second, prelates, with their attendants and emblems; third, learned doctors of University of Salamanca. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE II.

(Cordova. Columbus and Beatrice Enriquez D'Arana meeting in exquisite Moorish cathedral with low open arches and forest of pillars. [Description for scenery in De Amici's "Spain."])

COLUMBUS (Pacing aisle with Beatrice).

'T was here I met thee, Beatrice, mio,
When I had come worn and disconsolate
From sickening delays and blasted hopes,
To gloat upon this forest of cut stone,
Whose myriad columns rise like giant elms,
And yonder arches like the spreading boughs.
See how the lambent rays strike through the interstices,
Flit, checquered, through this wondrous filigree
And rest on tesselated floors, like sun through leaves.
My soul rose comforted to wait and hope,
That as this stone was hewn in endless days,
And grew to such proportions by long toil,
So might I hope to rear my dreamland home,
By long persistence and most patient hope.
Here are rich spoils from Gaul, Egypt and Rome,
To grace a Moorish mosque, turned Christian church;
Here emblems of Madonna and the holy saints,
With Christian prayers, where Allah's priests did chant
In tower and minaret. Thus doth time's circling wheel
Revolve and bring God's truth and purpose up.

Thus should my plans come foremost from the abyss,
And while I gazed upon those arabesques
— Like rainbows twisted in fantastic shapes —
I saw thee, Señorita Beatrice.
I saw those eyes — embodiment of love,
Deep as clear mountain pools lit by the moon.
This church, my hopes and fears, my present, past,
All swam into a sea of infinite bliss,
And I was bathed in that effulgent glance,
Sweet Andalusian. This poor heart that seemed
Forever buried in Philipa's grave, awoke —
'T was Easter — My dead heart awoke to thee.
Again I saw thee here, then in thy patio,
That golden night when lamps in heaven and earth
Struck fire in Guadalquiver's breast as thou in mine,
And we were one, my Darling, thou and I.

(As they reach door, scene shifts across cathedral front to exterior and street.)

Beatrice. Ah, señor, when I saw thee in this church
Gazing so sadly through these lofty aisles,
Like weary soul, that had no spot to rest,
My heart went out in sympathy. And when,
Bonita brought thee to our patio,
And thou did'st tell me of thy wanderings,
And of thy little lad at La Rabida,
I knew the fate had come, that should imprison me
And ne'er again should I be happy, free.

Columbus. Was 't so my Beatrice? In that patio

Where fountains dripped in music, and the air
Was filled with jasmine and azalea,
And orange flowers peeped 'twixt the golden fruit,
All earth seemed love; love sweeter seemèd than my dreams
And thou, my Beatrice, embodied all, to me.

BEATRICE. They say thou art discoverer, and that
Thy dreams will drive thee hence; is 't so Christo?

COLUMBUS. While I am with thee, thou art all my dream —
Thou giv'st me freedom from my haunting ghost.
Two lovely Andalusian eyes have power,
Two rosy lips have charms to bind me fast.
I' ll stay until thou bid'st me go to win
The honors lying almost in my grasp.

BEATRICE. Thou 'lt stay until I bid thee go, Christo Colon?
Then wilt thou tarry long in Cordova,
Making thy maps and charts, and selling books
Writ by wise men, and printed by the press.
Thy implements
For measuring the stars, and vessel's path,
Seem gypsy charms, and wondrous mysteries,
And I do fear they lure thee to the sea,
As that strange needle turns to the pole star.

COLUMBUS. Nay, they are harmless, potent in my hand
To guide great vessels o'er the trackless sea,
But holding naught of personal influence. (Messenger approaches.)

Messenger. Is this the Señor Christobal Colon?

Columbus. 'T is I. What news, what message, and from whom?

Messenger. Her Majesty, the Queen, is in Seville,
She doth command thy presence there at once.
(Columbus looks at messenger and then at Beatrice, who clasps her hands.)

Columbus. The Queen? What think you does she wish with me

Messenger. Seville is gay with wedding jollity.

Columbus. And she hath sent for me, what can it be?

Messenger. Either thou' rt stupid, or thy Sovereign's call,
Doth stir thee less than 't would another man!

Columbus. Not less her Royal Highness would I serve
But I am pledged to my sweet mistress here.

Beatrice (pouting). Nay, Colon, never leave me for the queen

Columbus. Now, love, am I distracted 'twixt desire
And duty, and our future interests.
One cannot but obey a Sovereign's 'hest—
The more when all one's fate lies in her hands.

Beatrice. Thou said'st but now, thy life was in my hands.

Columbus. 'T is so, love. Cut the knot and bid me leave.
'T will be to find high favor and estate.

BEATRICE. Thou said'st thy dreams were sunk into my eyes.
(Laughing.)

COLUMBUS. I did, love, but the test has come too soon,
And I'll be shipwrecked in those shining pools,
Unless thou comest in time to rescue me.

BEATRICE (pouting). I 'm neither compass, quadrant nor an astrolabe.

COLUMBUS. But thou, my pole star, drawest me to thyself;
Unless thou turn thy magnet from my heart,
And send me where the path of duty lies.

MESSENGER. Faith, could her majesty extend her gaze
From Seville here to see thy joy at her command,
Honors would rain upon thee in a golden shower!

COLUMBUS. Prithee have patience. (To messenger.) I am caught, like Ulysses,
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; and the siren's voice
Doth hold me fast, unless she break the spell.

BEATRICE. Go then, false swearer! In Cordova here,
Are men who will swear fealty to me,
And keep the oath beyond its utterance.
I do know one whose fiery glance and love
Have followed me this twelvemonth, and for naught.
Being so faithful he deserves reward.

(Columbus turns to page.)

Columbus. I prithee tell her royal majesty
I 'm ill, I 'm dead! (By this word sent
I 'm just the same as dead; it is my knell.)

Beatrice. Go, then, I bid thee go, but ne'er return.

Columbus. Then can I never go, by my good sword!

Beatrice. Fie! art thou coward now, and perjurer!
What else will spring to life in this same hour?

Columbus. Take back those words, I pray thee. Let me go
I am so torn between these rival claims,
That all my judgment is impaired. Be thou
The judge of what is best for me to do.

Beatrice (mocking). O, sophist! dost thou bid me see
Thy duty, and, perchance, thine inclination too?
— A choice of fealty to me, or to the queen! —

Columbus. I can explain to thee why she doth send.
Why, on this message hangs a continent,
A truth in science and a prophecy. (Recovering.)
Ah! love! I *dare* not leave the balance unto thee.
'T is self against my conscience and my destiny;
Love against duty; happiness 'gainst right. (Rises — to page.)
Go! Tell thy royal mistress I will come
Fast as my ship can bear me to Seville. (Exit page.)

BEATRICE. Now have I found my noble love again.
I had much feared the test would be too strong
And thou succumb, like common men, to love.
I had so placed thee on a pedestal,
That hadst thou yielded, thou hadst lost thy place.
Now art thou Christobal Colon, whose name and fame
Shall yet fulfil the Arab's prophecy,
And look you: 't was the blazonry of Spain,
Not Portugal, he pictured in that scene,
Thou hast related to me. Now, adieu. (Embracing.)

COLUMBUS. Farewell, farewell, thou treasure of my heart!
(Curtain falls.)

SCENE III.

(The Alcazar at Seville. — Queen's boudoir, exquisite Moorish room carved with arabesques and mosaics. [see De Amici's "Spain," pages 312 and 314 for painting scenery.] Fretted arches, galleries open to Patio.)

Dramatis Personæ { *Talavera — Confessor of Queen Isabella.*
Quintanilli — State Treasurer.
Santangel — Treasurer of Church of Aragon.
Queen Isabella and Attendants.

(Columbus enters from patio attended by page, bowing low to the Queen.
COLUMBUS (upon one knee).
You sent for me, most gracious Sovereign, this bodes well,
I come hope-laden. As I sailed last night,

Past groves of palms, and olive-fringèd shores,
Skirting the towns on Guadalquiver's banks,
The distant bells rang hope on fragrant air;
And as I neared the gleaming, golden tower,
And saw the minarets of fair Giralda, point
Towards heaven, 'mid flames of dawn, my heart
Ascended in petition to the saints
For help, that I might speak to you aright,
And find a gracious hearing for my hopes.

Isabella. Arise, Christobal Colon, I did summon thee.
I have thought much about this distant land
Since thou didst plead thy cause at Salamanca,
And Fra Talavera hath tempted me
With promise of its treasures for crusades,
To win the Holy Sepulchre again.
If thou hadst ships to sail past sunset seas,
And reach thy land, toward the waking dawn,
Why dost thou think we could possess its wealth?
Hath it no rulers of its own, and power
To hold its treasures 'gainst invading foes?

Columbus. We must have armèd men and ships enough
To capture it, and our discovery claim,
For this I've waited long, nor sailed alone,
Upon a quest of such importance to the state.

Isabella. If thy belief and Regiomontanus' be true,
That this great world is round; how is it then

That when thou sailest beyond the sunset skies
Thy ships would not fall into space, below?
Or how do waters cling to under side?
This have I asked Fra Talavera and wise men,
And have not felt assured by their replies.

COLUMBUS. That, gracious Sovereign, is a riddle hard to solve.
From Ptolemy to Behaim, all philosophers
Who touch the point, have thought some hidden force
Lies in the centre of the world, to hold
Its surface to the central point. This they believe,
And believing, know that sea and land are balancèd
In fair proportion of their weight and size.

ISABELLA. Thou art a brave man, and thou reasonest well;
Almost thou hast convinced me of this land.
And you, my councillors, think ye not well of it?
After the royal marriage festivals
— Which will engage the court this month and more, —
Were it not wise to help this cause, if just,
And bring new revenues and lands to Spain?

QUINTANILLI. I have conversed with him, and heard him plead,
And am convinced there 's reason in his views.
Medina-Céli, — he who knows the sea,
As well as pathways through his parks —
Believes there 's land beyond the western sea.

Columbus. The duke hath promised me all aid.
We' ve studied it for months within his tower,
— On astrolabe and charts — whence from his water-stairs
He sends ships into all known ports, for trade.

Queen. Medina-Celi is a loyal duke,
Wise and of excellent judgment; should we need,
The lever of his wealth and fulcrum of his name,
We will remember him. Thou, Santangel
Who guard'st the treasuries of Aragon,
What think'st thou of this scheme of sailing West,
To find lands lying 'neath our feet; is 't wise?

Santangel. It seems a wild leap in the dark, but he
Is ready to risk life to prove his faith,
And faith can be best tested by such works.
These marriage festivals will cost the state
A million doubloons. With Seville aflame
With projects for these marriage fêtes that link
The princess to the heir of Portugal,
Were it not best to wait until the fêtes
And civic functions are accomplishèd?

Columbus. Were it not well to add such noble work
To the rejoicings at the royal nuptials?
To say, hereafter, such an enterprise
Commemorates the marriage, would be fine;
A continent would be a royal wedding gift.

ISABELLA. Too great the act, too high the stake, to play
In haste; after the fêtes we will again
Discuss the means and possibilities.
Return to us when these festivities
Have settled into quiet. When we 've won
Grenada from the Moors: then shall this scheme
Commemorate our victories.

(Music of procession. Exit Columbus.)

COLUMBUS (aside). A curse upon this dallying. For this have I left Beatrice?

QUEEN (to nobles). Yonder arrives the embassy from Portugal.
Is all in readiness?

CABRERA. The grand procession waits your Majesty.

QUEEN. Bid the Castilian forces start at once,
We lead the way to greet the prince's ambassador.

(Queen and nobles promenade to patio and join the grand procession passing in foreground with banners, music. — King and suite with insignia of Aragon. — Prince Juan and suite accompanying Infanta Isabella, in gorgeous apparel in golden chariots. — Winding back and forth upon stage. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE IV.

(Country road with La Rabida in distance.)

Dramatis Personæ { *Christobal Colon, dejectedly walking alone.*
Fra Perez de Marchena, Prior of Monastery.

Columbus. Now have I said farewell to all in Spain,
Thrice have I been rejected, with excuse
Of marriage fêtes and wars, and coffers, bare.
There has been gold poured out upon these wars,
To wrest their baronies from feudal knights,
And force them cringe before this King of Aragon.
Pride and ambition find a mint of gold,
Yet is there none to win a continent. (Seats himself by roadside.)
Jewels and gold flowed freely for their wedding fêtes,
And left a barren strand where I must wait,
I have no patience left to stir my hopes
And see them wakened but to fade and die.
I 'll none of it! I 'll shake the dust beneath my feet,
And go to France, and seek in that cold land,
Ideals beyond wars and festal mummery.
My Beatriz has bade me a God-speed,
And I shall linger for a last adieu
To my dear friend, the Friar Juan Perez;
And to La Rabida, which welcomed me to Spain.
Ah, Fra Perez, thou didst illume my hope,
Which flickered on these four years with scant oil,

To keep its flame alive. 'T is burnt and dead
And hath consumed my heart and life as well.
Hope that hath naught to feed upon,
Doth prey upon the marrow of the bones,
And age both mind and body with decrepitude.
(Arising and walking to convent gate.)
Ah, me! some weeks of peace and rest at Rabida;
To build up wasted forces, 'mid its calm,
Then one more effort ere my life dies out.
'T is here, at last. (Knocks. Gate opened by Fra Perez.)
My brother it is I! (Embracing.)

PEREZ. Columbus, brother! What news? What success?

COLUMBUS. Empty I went from here, save thy kind words,
Empty return! I have gained hearing, friends,
Credence, respect; yet none will give me help.
I have won promises; but they are worse
Than cold denials; for they light hope's fires
To smoulder out, for want of plenishing.
Medina-Celi, the great Porto Santo Duke
Believed and worked with me, and fitted out
Two caravels with men and stores and arms,
So near I came to working out my scheme.
But the king, fearing his increase of power,
Should land be found, forbade the enterprise:
He was considering it himself, he said.
Meantime I 'll give my service to the King of France,
Who may consider it to some result.

Perez. Be not so hasty to transfer to France
What Spain is yet contemplating. Come, rest
At Rabida, the while I try my influence.
It served thee once. I 'll see Talavera, myself.

Columbus. Nay, Spain is like an orange sucked to rind,
'Twixt wars and revelries — as void and stale. —
I will stay here and rest my soul on God
To gain fresh courage for a last appeal;
Within the year I must apply to France,
Whose greed and love of power, will spur her on.
To win this pendant to her diadem.

Perez. Nay, France must never gain this promised land.
I 'll use the Church's influence with the queen,
To send thee thither, for a new crusade.
The Church is hungering for converts, new.
'T were better win them thus, than force from other creeds,
As does the Inquisition, through a sea of blood.

Columbus. 'T is useless! After resting here I go to France.
I spurn this false yet beaming land, that blooms
To feed ambition and decaying joys,
So like her gorgeous flowers and fruits and vines,
Basking in sun to-day, to-morrow gone.

(Angelus rings. — Fra Perez counts rosary and Columbus bows in prayer [Distant chanting]. — Curtain falls.)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

(Road leading to the camp at Santa Fé, opposite Granada. View of Santa Fé [painted on background], earth and stone buildings in form of triangle with cross streets and alleys. Cloth of gold tent of Queen Isabella [to right of foreground], surrounded by other tents of Castilian nobles. Columbus enters [L] with Friar Juan Perez.)

Dramatis Personæ { *Columbus.* / *Friar Juan Perez.* / *Queen Isabella.* / *Officers, soldiers, and attendants.*

COLUMBUS (outside of camp at Santa Fé).

Thou hast been brave in pleading with the queen.
She listens, still, to her confessor's pleas;
For she hath sent me gold and called me here.
Yet am I faithless; thrice before she called,
And thrice hath sent me off with empty promises.
But thou hast favor won again. Thou art such friend
That I am rich in friendship and kind deeds.
If my quest gains naught else, it hath endowed
With noblest friends and service beyond thanks.

(They clasp hands.)

PEREZ. Thou ever must win friends with thy high aims,

And by the look of inspiration in thy face.
Thy blue eyes are the shrines of prayer; thy mouth,
Set to sweet patience, and to earnest purpose, curved.
Have faith, the queen is earnest and sends gold.

Columbus. She hath done so before, and yet her purpose died,
Stillborn.

Perez. She promised aid when Granada should fall;
Already Malaga is won; and the outposts,
Have yielded to the Alcantara's lance.
Yon rugged steeps that flank Alhambra's walls,
Are sepulchres of thousands of brave knights
Of Alcantara and St. James, who sowed
Their lives to reap yon towers for the Church.
Yon citadel will change the crescent for the cross.

Columbus. Ye saints! It is an era in the world
When Spain shall bind the shackles on the Moors,
'T is fitting time to grasp new lands for Holy Church.
(They enter the royal camp and Columbus bows before the queen in royal tent.)

Queen. Again Columbus, we have summoned thee
Upon the eve of our great victory.
And with the conquest, comes thy promised aid.
We, Isabella of Castile, do vow to God
This service as a thank offering to Him — (Sound of firing).
Hark! hark! Again they have renewed the fight;
Boabdil must yield, God will sustain the right. (Rises and points.)

On, on, ye braves, yield not one inch to-day;
Christ and Castile must win this glorious fray!

COLUMBUS (drawing sword). I am no soldier; but this arm hath power;
To Spain, I dedicate my sword and strength!

(Grand procession of soldiers, Knights Templars of St. James and Alcantara; nobles, and Columbus, with banners, music, lances, and clumsy cannon to attack Alhambra.)

SCENE II.

(Historic account of dress. — Ferdinand, in steel armor and crimson velvet mantle lined with ermine; almost covering splendid white horse, with gold trappings. — Pages in gold embroidered hose and doublets. — Nobles in armor and velvet mantles, shields, swords, lances, etc., helmets and plumes. — Boabdil in steel armor and black velvet mantle, steel and gold helmet and amulets, on black steed. — Officers and nobles in armor, black velvet robes. — Lines of priests in white robes and cowls. — (Scene: Road to Granada, [with Granada and Alhambra upon the heights on background walls], turrets and tower. — For Audience L. R. — Ferdinand and suite [to left], Boabdil and suite [to right], descending from Granada, Boabdil approaches and attempts to dismount, while bowing low).

Dramatis Personæ { *Ferdinand of Aragon, and Army.* / *Boabdil King of Moors, and Army and Priests.*

BOABDIL. Glorious conqueror! I, Rey Chico (setting sun),
Do yield myself, my State to thee, victorious.
Sorrowing that now my sun is set. I kiss thy hand.

(About to dismount).

Ferdinand. Nay, King Boabdil, not my hand. The brave,
Though vanquished, have no need to kneel. Equals
Though conquered, meet on higher plane.

(Boabdil reins his horse close and kisses Ferdinand on the cheek.)

Boabdil. Upon thy face then, will I plant this seal
Of peace and of submission to my conqueror. (Holding out keys.)
Here are the keys that open Paradise,
Open to thee and thine my castles and my mosques.
These shrines are mine no more. Ah, woe is me!
Whose fate it is to yield that Paradise,
That holy shrine of Mahomet to another race.
Woe! Woe is me!

(Taking off armor and insignia of power.)

False son of Hacem, born
Beneath the fatal Mars, that set 'mid clouds.

(Priests in white robes, cover their faces moaning.)

Priests. Allah! Mashallah — God alone doth know —
Allah! Mashallah! — since fate hath willed it so!

(Ferdinand and followers also uncover heads and bow. Ferdinand and Boabdil both descend from their horses — Boabdil bends and breaks his sword and reverses his scimiter.)

Boabdil. Kismet, Kismet, — Allah Mashallah!
Kismet — 't is fate — Allah doth will it so!

(Turning to Don Inigo Lopez Mendoza, hands signet ring sparkling with diamonds and topaz.)

This signet was for centuries supreme —
Granada's impress of authority.

May Allah prosper your incumbency
More than He hath done mine. Kismet! Kismet!

(He advances to Cardinal Mendoza [scarlet robe], who bears large silver cross, jewelled, accompanied by priests with covered faces and heads bare.)

Here are the keys of sacred mosques, whose minarets,
No more shall send their Moslem prayers to Heaven;
Allah is Allah! and Mahomet is his priest! (Bowed heads.)
'T is Allah's will; He doeth all things well!

CARDINAL MENDOZA. Such faith, O King, will bring thee peace of mind.
Submission to God's will is trouble's surest cure.
The queen awaits thee in yon tent. Adieu!
After thou hast saluted her, my tents
And all accessories to meet thy wants,
Are at disposal of thyself and suite.

(Procession passes. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE III.

(Full view of Alhambra on scene. — Isabella's gorgeous tents of cloth of gold and silk damask. Her ladies and daughters in gorgeous robes and jewels, tissues of gold and silver. — Boabdil and nobles and priests advance in procession upon stage marching and countermarching, as if climbing steep [cedars and palms and cacti in foreground — side.] Isabella's soldiers in rear, in glittering armor with lances and banners of Castile. Isabella rises as Boabdil approaches and extends hand to prevent his kneeling.

Dramatis Personæ { *Queen Isabella, royal family, and officers.*
Boabdil, Moorish king, priests, officers and soldiers.

Isabella. Not on your knees, my Lord, a vanquished foe
So great and brave as thou, shalt never kneel to me.
But vassals kneel, or cowards overawed.
To thee, great King, of noble lands and deeds,
I give my hand in honor of thy worth.
God hath assisted us, else had we never won
The valiant battles, waged by thee and thine.

Boabdil. Most gracious Lady — rising sun, to shine
In splendor on our darkened Granada!
How infinitely greater is thy modesty
Than pomp and pride of eastern conquerors.
Methinks this courtesy to fallen foes
Is grander code than barbarous revelry
To celebrate thy triumph and our fall.

ISABELLA. 'T is a part of Christianity, Boabdil,
A Christian sovereign follows his dear Lord
Who blest his foes and raisèd those who fell —

BOABDIL. Thus is thy God more kind than Allah, who doth teach
That we must love our friends and curse our enemies.
Our conquerors do teach us magnanimity;
Allah is great! He doeth all things well!

PRIESTS. Allah is great! He doeth all things well!

ISABELLA. And we may learn of thee, great Moslem King,
Patience and calm in deep adversity —
Such qualities, the Christian well might learn.
We can but marvel at thy varied lot —
From heaven's heights, to this sad thorny path —
We would alleviate the blow, and give
Joy that shall make thee glad to live.
Here is thy captive son restored to thee
Healthy and strong! May Allah comfort thee.

(Presenting son from tent.)

BOABDIL. Now is my cup less full of woe than joy —
To welcome thee, beloved, is sweet alloy.
I kiss thy hand, fair Queen, in deference
To womanhood and royal courtesy.

QUEEN. Now art thou wearied? Let our embassy
Escort thee to thy tents, where thou wilt find

Refreshment and what comfort Spain can give
To show her hospitality to royal guests.

(Prince Juan and Prince Hacem part like friends, and Boabdil and retinue depart.)

Queen (looking anxiously toward Alhambra's towers).
Now is it almost noon, and yet no sign
Of holy cross upon those vermil towers.
The Cardinal passed here, three hours ago,
To plant the Church's standard and the cross
Upon yon spires that point red fingers to the sky.
I am impatient till I see complete,
This seal of dedication to our faith,
Here, where the Koran and Mahomet reigned.
Could aught have baffled their attempts to climb
Those rugged steeps o'erhung with cypresses?

Duke of Medina Sidonia. Nothing, your Majesty. 'T is now high noon,
The sun has struck this dial, full — and see,
E'en now, the banner floats, and there the flash
Of silver in the sun, denotes the cross! (Three cannon shots.)

Queen. Then kneel and chant "Te Deum Laudamus,"
To the great Author of our victories —
As they are doing now upon those towers.

(All the host kneel chanting the "Te Deum" to Gregorian music. Talavera in bishop's robes and mitre, leading. Curtain falls.)

SCENE IV.

(Lion's Court of Alhambra [forest of small, varied pillars, forming small temples of nine arches each, with colored cupolas; centre pillars with fine stucco arches like lace; great fountain; basin resting on twelve lions.] Temple canopy [to right] with gold throne and rose draperies, and Ferdinand and Isabella seated.)

Dramatis Personæ

- *Cardinal Mendoza* (*scarlet robes*).
- *Bishop of Salamanca* (*purple robes and mitre*).
- *Luis de Santangel, treasurer Church of Aragon.*
- *Alonzo de Quintanilli, state treasurer.*
- *Geraldini, court astronomer.*
- *Cabrera, court chamberlain.*
- *Friar Diego de Talavera.*

(Enter Columbus and Juan Perez bowing to sovereigns, prelates and learned men.)

KING. We are reminded of our promises
If God should grant our arms this victory.
We here convene this council, and would hear
Thy plans and proofs before we give thee aid.

COLUMBUS. My Lieges! I have waited long for this,
The years dragged on and off, and still I hoped;
— Hoped against hope — to gain your royal aid
To add those lands that lie beyond the sea
To Spain. To plant the cross and win them for the Church.

I but appeal to your own court astronomers.
The earth is round, and balanced like this globe,
With seas and land in equipoise, is 't so?

Astronomers. 'T is so! We have much proof of it.
The tides, eclipses of the moon, where earth's shade falls;
The solar line, 'mid torrid heat; the arctic cold,
All prove this fact that wise men long have held,
Also philosophers — Pythagoras,
Strabo and Cicero all held this belief
That Christobal Colon now demonstrates.

King. Why have they never taught it? It is strange
Such knowledge should be hid for centuries.

Columbus. The time was not yet ripe, nor fact matured;
Men waited for the Church to sanction it.

Cardinal Mendoza. The fathers are but slow to found beliefs,
And teach new doctrines. St. Augustine taught
The sky was canopy to earth; and fallacy
To prate of under lands and the antipodes.
The Church is in no haste to prove him wrong.
But, if 't is proved, she will accept the fact.
'T were best to follow closely Holy Writ,
Than seek new truths and laws opposed to it.

Columbus. Your Eminence is wise; yet if God's Word
Be not opposed, but hints towards earth's sphericity,
You would then favor it, and help the project on?

CARDINAL MENDOZA. Aye, closely have I searched the Holy Writ,
And find no certain teaching 'gainst the belief,
Therefore I sanction it, and hope to see
The Holy Cross borne to your distant land.

COLUMBUS. The blessing of the Church would make success assured,
My hope, my guide is this, — beyond cosmography,
Beyond astronomy and reasoning — God's aid!
Your rule established in this new-found world,
The Church could better reach the Holy Land,
To wrench Jerusalem from Moslem hands,
If she were 'stablished in Cipango and Cathay.
From prophecies innumerable in Holy Writ,
One shall arise to save the captive Church,
From isles beyond the sea; from the far West.

QUINTANILLI (with fervor). 'T is so, and Spain shall be the rescuer,
Castile and Aragon redeem the Sepulchre
And bear the holy cross again to her.

KING. But with our revenues depleted by these wars,
Whence could we raise the necessary means?
We are indebted now, ten million maravedis;
This enterprise would cost ten million more.

QUEEN (rising). My Lord, my jewels will I consecrate to this,
(Taking off crown.)
This famous diamond tiara of Castile,
These pearls from India — these sapphires, too, (Taking them off.)

Rubies and emeralds like imprisoned rainbows, here,
All will I pawn or sell to raise the gold,
To win new empires for the Church. Castile
Will pledge her convent revenues for this,
'T will be her new crusade for God and Church.

Cardinal. Well said, Liege Lady, the Madonna bless
Such holy ardor for our blessed Church.

King. Thou hast staked high, my Consort, on uncertainty.
(To Columbus.)
If we do pledge our treasures for thy caravels,
And all expenses of this enterprise, do bear,
What dost thou now request as recompense?
At our last conference, thy vast demands
Surpassed all reason, for outlay and risk?

Columbus. Discoverers, your Majesty, must hope
Reward, commensurate with what they do.
My life is poured out for this cause. Since youth
I' ve held it up as beacon light, and lived
But in its glow. — Ambition, chances, gains
I' ve sacrificed for this. I, therefore, claim
Full share in my discovery. As admiral
Of Spain, I must have power to rule
My vessels; be viceroy of the new lands
To represent your Majesties, and a tenth share
In gold and treasures found. This must I ask —
No more — no less.

KING. Again I say, thy claims
Are infamous, immoderate, beyond
All right and reason. And beneath thy dignity
As searcher after truth; as Christian man.

COLUMBUS. Wherefore, my Liege? Who better take your place
Than he who finds the land? Surely some honor 's due
One who has sought and found a continent!
And tithe of treasure-trove is due to all
Who rescue flotsam and jetsam from the sea.

KING (rising). Enough! I will have none of it, nor feed
Such shameless greed! (King stalks from hall.)

QUINTANILLI. My Lord, the King!

SANTANGEL. My Liege! One word! (Exit king.)

QUEEN. Then must we yield again! (To Columbus.)
Why art thou proud,
Why set thyself against thy interests thus?

COLUMBUS (rising and bowing low).
Liege Lady, I have made just claim. (Approaching gate.)
Again I go out, beggared, to the world.
Perchance the King of France will deem it worth
A just reward to win a continent!
'T is difficult to bargain with a king
For rights but justly due to noble cause. (Exit Columbus.

QUINTANILLI (Comptroller of treasury, also great banker).
'T were shame to let this man depart to France,
Spain has a prior right to the discovery.
As I do believe him right in theory,
I counsel it were best to humor him,
E'en though his claims seem beyond modesty.

QUEEN. Ere he could start, the treasury will gain
Large revenues from this Granada, here,
We safely pledge ten thousand maravedis.
My jewels would accrue ten thousand more.

SANTANGEL. As treasurer of the Church of Aragon,
I could find more. The inquisition has
Squeezed tens of thousands from reluctant Jews,
And double that from the burned heretics.
I pledge from mine own purse a thousand doubloons, more.

CABRERA (Chamberlain of household).
And I a thousand. I will to the king.
And urge this thing upon him. He may yield,
When he finds surety for the sum. The fear
That France may win those golden shores will weigh
Against this Colon's pride and obstinacy.

CARDINAL MENDOZA. 'T is sacred offering to the Mother Church
For glorious victories, and for sure defeat
Of Moslem rule in Spain. After eight centuries
Of haughty Moslem power, 't is trampled down,

And Catholic authority asserts
Supreme control in Spain and Portugal.
O Queen, proclaim this quest thy offering
To Mary, Queen of Heaven, for thy thanks! (To Cabrera.)
Say to the King: "We all agree." Is 't so?

ALL. 'T is so! We have one voice, one thought in this!

And also say, the promise would be made
But on condition of his finding land.
'T were better yield a possible reward,
Than lose such possible addition to the crown. (Cabrera departs.)

QUEEN. Meantime the mariner is speeding fast
Beyond Granada. (To Page.) Go, haste, fetch him back,
Tell him it is his last appointment. — Fate
Doth will it so; success and luck are his.
Bring him to Santa Fé to-morrow morn.

(Counsel dismissed, all bow and retire. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE V.

(Road from Granada — palms, cacti, cedars, olive trees — stone bridge. Columbus on mule, riding wearily towards bridge of Pinos. Messenger.)

Dramatis Personæ { *Columbus and messenger.*

COLUMBUS (descends at bridge, leans wearily over side).

What weariness to have one's hopes thus raised,

And dashed, time after time, from reaching hands
When almost in one's grasp. Did I aspire too high?
The stake is high, as also is the goal,
I cannot give the labors of my life
For less than this, they could so easily grant.
I would that I could leap from off this bridge,
And in yon torrent drown this fevered hope and life.
Yet death is not oblivion and rest,
'T is but eternal consciousness of our past life.
'T were better one were born like this dumb beast,
Than hope and dream and lose, and then awake
To such eternity of suicide's remorse,
As Dante pictured in Inferno's depths.
I have no heart to start for France, yet now
It is my only course. (Messenger runs after him [from L.].)

Messenger. Heigh! Christobal Colon!

Columbus. What now?

Messenger. A message from the queen to thee! (Breathless.)
The queen doth bid thee hie to Santa Fé.
She bade me say, "'T is fate, success, and luck!
She hath found means to send thee o'er the seas."

Columbus. Four times hath Isabella summoned me,
As often turned me hopelessly away,
And doth she now again bid me return,

To be reproached for greed? Perhaps this time
To lose my liberty. How do I know
But Inquisition may *press* terms on me,
May squeeze my faith down to a narrow shred,
And take my orange, leaving me the rind.

MESSENGER. The queen did bid thee come at once; her word
Allows no dalliance — 't was "Come at once."

COLUMBUS. Back to my fate. "Kismet," the Moslem said,
'T is not my motto, nor the color of my mind,
Deo volente is better, "God's will," best.

(Curtain falls.)

SCENE VI.

(King Ferdinand's tent at Santa Fé. Enter Christobal Colon bowing to sovereigns and prelates.)

Dramatis Personæ { *Queen Isabella, King Ferdinand.*
Talavera, now Archbishop of Granada.
Cardinal Mendoza.
Juan Perez and Cabrera, high chamberlain.

COLUMBUS. Again you sent for me, fair Queen of Spain?
Your page recalled me from my route to France.

Queen. We sent thee message, that the means were pledged
To aid thy crusade for the Church and Spain,
To seek those lands thou 'st promised to the crown.

King. We have considered this again. Our councillors
Have urged us yield to thee the honors, sought —
Provided thou dost find this continent.
Thou art a soldier also, and hath worn thy sword.
See that thou use this (handing sword) for Spain's king and queen.
(Columbus bows low and receives sword.)
As Admiral of Spain, thy honors use,
As shall become a noble of the realm.
As viceroy and judge in all lands found,
Thou shalt with honor represent our name.

Columbus (kneeling to receive commission).
In all thy realm no servant shall be found
More faithful to his trust. Thanks, thanks, my Liege!

Chamberlain (reading commission).
First. Thou art Admiral of Spain, thou and thine heirs,
And in all lands discovered for our fiefs.
Second. Viceroy of lands or continents thus found,
Appointing candidates to govern them for us.
Third. A tithe of treasures found therein are thine —
Fourth. Sole judge of all disputes in thy domain,
Fifth. Same grants in later voyages for Spain,
With title Don, and all its privileges.
(Signed) "Ferdinand of Aragon and Spain."

(Signed) "Isabella of Castile and Spain."
Now shalt thou sign, Subject and Admiral.

COLUMBUS (signs). "Christobal Colon, Subject and Admiral."

(Kneels again.)

Most gracious Sovereigns, I do pledge my life,
Unto thy service. Humbly, gratefully, receive
Thy honors and commissions, won through life or death.

(Kisses their hands. They hand sword and ring as mark of office. Rises.)

KING. At Palos are three caravels, of which
We grant thee full command, with ample means,
For manning and provisioning. Under our seal.

CARDINAL. We give the blessing of the Church upon
Thee and thy quest, and so bid thee God-speed.

COLUMBUS. Now has the hour of fulfilment come,
For which I' ve toiled and yearned these twenty years.
Now will I prove to you, and to the world,
The truth I know to be a waiting fact.

(Friar Perez embraces him. — Curtain falls.)

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

(Wharf at Palos with sails and masts and lateen sails, Pinta and Nina — painted on background, [to right]. — Santa Maria [in foreground]. Columbus [in admiral's dress with armor and crimson velvet cloak], Pinzon brothers, commanders of Pinta and Nina [in captains' dress]. — Sailors and soldiers, on deck of the Santa Maria. — Fra Perez [in monk's dress]. — On shore [to left] crowd of people bidding farewell, cheering, weeping, praying, etc.).

Dramatis Personæ { *Christobal Colon.*
Captains Martin and Diego Pinzon, Sailors, Soldiers, People.
Fra Perez, Diego, and Beatrice Enriquez d'Arena.

Perez (on deck). Thou hast this morning shrived thee, at the church,
Thou and thy seamen. 'T was a comely sight
To see a hundred stately mariners
Kneel at the altar to attend high mass.
St. George's Church at Palos hath seen change
Since Moslems chanted from its minarets.
Now hath she blessed the soldiers of the cross,
Upon their way, across the unknown seas
To seek new lands whereon to set their seal.

Columbus. We prithee bless our vessels and their crews,
Send us abroad to carry Holy Church

To distant lands, as Noah sent the dove
Seeking the olive branch to prove God's care
O'er waste of waters, and o'er drowned lands.

FRA PEREZ (with raised hands, all kneeling).

The blessing of the Church attend thy quest,
God's blessing, poured out through his ministry,
He, who sent Paul to Ephesus; who said
To raging sea that threatened to engulf,
"Peace, be still!" May He thus watch o'er thee!

(Sprinkling water upon deck and crew.)

By sacrament of baptism I consecrate
This vessel and these mariners to God,
Against the powers of darkness, 'gainst the sea
With all its dangers, storms and hurricanes.
Go forth in Mary's name, and plant the cross
Secure, in lands Madonna consecrates to Spain.
The saints attend thee to thy promised land!

(All sing *Te Deum*, antiphonally with those on shore.)

COLUMBUS (to son, Diego, who clings to him).

Adieu, my loved one, pray for us at sea.
Weep not! for thou art page unto the Prince
And must thy courage prove. Weep not!
I promise honors, station, which will well repay
These months of absence. Thou dost know the star
Where thou canst meet thy father's eyes and prayer?
God's stars are set so high above this earth
That our gaze meets there from remotest points.

'T was at this pole star, thy dear mother's eyes
Met mine, and mingled here our prayers and thoughts ;
There she still watches, and will greet us both.
Adieu, my Diego. Beatrice, my love
Will watch thee here. Adieu, my Beatrice, (embracing.)
To thee, confide my son. Pray for us all. Adieu.

(Friar Juan Perez — Beatrice and Diego descend from deck to shore.— Cheers — farewell — prayers from shore and from crew. — Curtain falls.)

SCENE II.

(Stage fitted as vessel's deck, with rigging. Santa Maria at sea [other two vessels painted on background in distance] storm raging, wind blowing, lightning.)

Dramatis Personæ { *Captain Santon.* / *Steersman Stephano.* / *Christobal Colon, Admiral of Spain.*

Second Officer, Santon. Now are we lost if we do sail beyond
Yon lightning's track, that cuts the hissing sea!
Do thou, Stephano, tell the Admiral,
That we have planned to change the vessel's course.
Tell him we are unanimous in this demand.

Stephano (steersman). I do implore thee, Santon, give this task
Unto some better reasoner than I.

I can wield ropes, and turn the rudder's course;
But with my tongue am helpless as a child.
Besides I like not such a thankless task
As face our Admiral with mutiny.
I 'd rather brave a lion in his den,
Or python of the sea, than meet his eyes,
When he doth hear that we have mutinied.

SANTON. Thou art a coward, Stephano, thus to shrink
From duty. — 'T is our order and thou must obey!

STEPHANO. An order doth concern a seaman's post,
And all that lies within his province, mate;
But, should'st thou tell me, jump into the sea,
Or hold a burning coal, faith, would I say,
Such orders were not thine to give nor mine t' obey.
This is a parley of the vessel's crews
— A thing unusual — and should be done
By captain, he of highest rank, to give
Weight to the matter. (Thunder and lightning.)

SANTON. I should order thee in chains,
And will remember this, when we do land —
A mariner, forsooth, who brags of strength
And valor, yet who dares not face
His Admiral with orders from the crew!

STEPHANO. I dare do all within a seaman's scope,
But mutiny lies in another sphere,

And hath its separate laws. Therefore, I pray,
Put not this task on one so slow of tongue.

Santon. Slow! by the holy toe! thou art as glib
As lightning down a tree. Excuses run
Like water from a fountain spout. He must be told
That the whole crew has mutinied and will return
To Spain, if we escape this mouth of Hell.
We vowed, with Pinta, and the Nina's crews
And officers, t' acquaint the Admiral with this.

Stephano. Yes! but they ne'er appointed me. 'T were shame
For me, subordinate, to take your place
In grave negotiations of such kind!

Santon. Per Bacco! Thou art specious as a Jew in trade!
Once more I give thee chance to yet redeem
Thy character from cowardice.

Stephano. I yet decline,
And offer to thyself the honor. Hold!
Why were it not a wiser, surer thing,
Instead of parleying at risk of life,
And chance of ignominy and defeat,
To throw the Admiral into the sea?

Santon. 'T is treason!

Stephano. So is mutiny, for that!
See, here he comes! quick! what shall we decide?

COLUMBUS (advancing from helm, shouting).

Shift ho! To port! We are too southerly! (To officers.)
This is a storm to touch the stoutest hearts.

SANTON (advances pushing Stephano ahead).

Your lordship, we have been two months at sea;
Through calms when we lay dead on glassy main;
Through storms that threatened to engulf our ships,
And are without a sign or hope of land.
Is it not so, Stephano? (Nudging him.)

STEPHANO. Aye! two months to-day.

SANTON. We, that is, all the crews and officers,

STEPHANO. Yes, all.

SANTON. Of these three vessels, do declare, (Pushing Stephano.)

STEPHANO. Ye-yes, do!

SANTON. That we must turn back from this unknown sea,
Before we reach the point where we shall drop
Into hell-fire. We demand, (Nudging Stephano.)

STEPHANO. Yes, we demand,

SANTON. That we reverse the galleys and return to Spain,
If e'er a ship can struggle out of such a storm.

Columbus. What art thou saying, man? Thou would'st return?
Give up the quest, and sneak like cowards, hence?
Never! I tell thee never! He who dares
Suggest such treason, shall be put in irons!
Here, seamen, steward! treason! Bind this man!
The captain of the ship speaks treason. Here!

Santon. My lord, the Admiral! 'T is not ourselves,
We are but mouthpieces of all the crews,
Appointed to hold parley with your grace.
You see no man has answerèd your call.
Sire! we demand return to safety: we
Have planned that we must now give up this search
For lands that have no place save in your brain.
We are unanimous unto a man;
Therefore, I pray, consider it, before
We do turn our petition into mutiny.

Columbus. What! on such quest as this, when we did know
There would be weeks of storms, and of uncertainty,
You are turned cowards, you are afraid to trust
The guidance of your Admiral? Why then embark
Upon a voyage of discovery, to turn
Cowards and traitors at a hurricane?
Are you Spain's warriors and seamen, you
The men to do and dare for God and Church and State?
Back! cowards! ere I load with iron your wrists,
And bear you to new lands, in bonds of shame.

Go! ere I slay you! Go! tell other craven souls
That ere three days I *promise land.* Three days
We yet will push towards the West, and he
Who doth first see the land, shall win
Ten thousand maravedis for prize. — Now go!
I will not further parley, will not name
The word your foul proposals do deserve
Lest I must turn your manhood into shame!

(Captain and Stephano retire sullenly.)

STEPHANO (aside). 'T were better that we lost an admiral,
Than lose our lives or liberty in mutiny!

SANTON. There was no chance to execute your plan:
We two could scarce accomplish it alone;
And mark you, we were traitors to the king and Spain,
To throw an admiral into the sea.
We must confer with Pinzon and the rest.

COLUMBUS (calling from distance).
Hold! for the next three days you are deposed
From seaman's duty. I will sail this ship,
Will guide the helm, and issue all commands.

SANTON (angrily.) Aye! aye! sire!

(Curtain falls.)

SCENE III.

(Sunrise, blue skies and sea — Santa Maria deck, Columbus at wheel — [Nina and Pinta in distance]).

Dramatis Personæ { *Christobal Colon.* / *Alonzo Pinzon.* / *Diego Pinzon, other officers.*

Columbus. Ho! Summon officers on deck to-day
Signal the Pinta and the Nina:
I would confer with their first officers;
Or stay! give me the trumpet, I will call!

(Sounds trumpet signals — replies from other ships — Captains Alonzo Pinzon and Diego Pinzon and other officers climb to Santa Maria's decks from rear [as if from boats]).

Columbus. Here, Pinzon, take the helm, we would confer
With captains and with officers, to set at rest,
Some coward fears and wishes hinted at
By officers and seamen of this ship.
Amid the raging tornado, last night,
They did pray, in fact, demand, to turn about,
Abandon the king's search, and slink off home.
For this I do deprive them, for three days
Of seaman's duty. I did also promise land,
Within three days, to greet their timorous, weak sight.

Pinzon, thou art a man, a seaman of repute,
I'll not insult thee by believing that
Thou, or thy brother — trusted captains of this fleet, —
Would counsel flight — because of storms at sea!

Pinzon. Lord Admiral, we came upon this quest,
Believing in your promise that a month —
A month at farthest, would have shown that bourne:
'T is past, and yet no signs nor hope of land.

Columbus. Hast seen no signs? What of the tangled sprays
Of weed that twine around the keel and sides?
'T is but sargassa — sign that land is nigh.
And saw you not the sea-anemone this morn?
'T is writ in Marco Polo, and in Deza, that
Within a certain distance of Cathay,
This sea-anemone doth grow so thick,
As almost to impede a vessel's course.
Aye! and hast noticed pelicans to South?
They too do prophesy of land. Now, with such signs,
Who wishes to turn back, like frightened bird,
And haste back unsuccessful to the king,
To say he had no courage to proceed?

Pinzon. Not I!

All. Nor I! nor I! nor I!

Diego Pinzon. Nor I, *if* there *be* land on that bare horizon;
Sargassa, I have seen two weeks from land;
And I ne'er noted pelicans to South.
I 've noted needle shifting round, and feared
Some forces drawing it from the pole star.
There must be mighty cause for such a change.

Columbus. 'T is late to shrink now from the mysteries
That seem to lie within the western sea.
The needle shifts beyond the pole to point
To continents that lie antipodal.
'T is further proof of land beyond this sea,
That as we near it, it doth draw our magnet on.
We will turn South, whence came the pelicans,
And West by South sail, yet three days along,
If by the evening of the third, we fail to see,
That golden coast where gems like pebbles, lie,
We will consent to turn and yield the quest —
So sure are we of God and Land and Destiny.

Diego Pinzon. We will encourage all our men with hope.
Truth may be rudder to steer towards a goal,
But hope is anchor to a veering soul.

Columbus. And *duty*, strong, unquestioning and brave,
Is sail and oar, a drifting ship to save.
Back to your duty then, towards man and God;

Let prayer be anchor and divining rod.

(Officers salute and retire down vessel's side to boats in rear. Columbus raises arms and clasps hands above his head.)

Here have I watched and waited, day and night,
Fixing these eyes upon yon bare sea-line,
In fast and watching, till my sight grows dim.
Yet do I trust Thee, Thou all-seeing One —
'T was Thou that led'st me on this hopeless quest,
And Thou shalt guide me, to thy waiting shore.

(Curtain falls.)

(Curtain rises, same scenery. — Early dawn, Columbus pacing deck.)

COLUMBUS. It is the end of the third day, and yet,
No land appears! Be calm my heart! Be still!
Rest thou on God! He shall prevail. He will!
What can man do against His great decree?
And the Arabian did prophesy
That I should plant Spain's standard o'er the sea.
What shall I say to check these restless souls,
That scowl their mutiny into my face?
The time is up, I see their looks and know
What they portend. There's murder, mutiny,
And treason in the air. I stand alone —
No! Not *alone*. God and the saints attend —
God and His Church shall win —

(Looks to West, leans over vessel's side and scans.)

What ho! to West!
Is 't with my earthly eyes, or with the eyes of faith
I see yon light upon the horizon?

Sanchez! Roderiguez! here! Is that a light?
That shifts and moves? There! on the horizon?

Sanchez (sullenly). I see naught, Sire!

Columbus (aside). My God, be with us now!
(Aloud). Yon, yon! it creeps along the West. It is no star.

Roderiguez. I see naught but the surging sea and sky;
And but the stars that circle round the Pole,
And dip and rise from yonder endless sea,
As they have done in Spain, eternally.

Columbus. Does no one see yon tiny point of light
That might shine from some fire along the coast,
Or from some home in yon new land?
I say I *see* it. (aside.) (If by faith or sight.) —
By these eyes, trained to scan the earth and sea,
The sky and tides. Lo, there! a gull is fluttering,
She brings the hope of peace unto this ship.
(Shout of seamen. A gull! a gull!)
Fair messenger that flits 'twixt sea and sky!
Sweet harbinger of peace, thou bring'st us joy—
Thou comest from lands we seek, nor yet descry.
A fleck of silver and a line of grey,
With carmine legs like lily stems astray.
How dost thou dip and flutter o'er thy prey,
And skim like arrow on thy restless way!

Come, rest upon our sail, and with us go
To greet thy haven, whose shores thou dost know!
On, on, my men! I promise land at dawn!
He who descrys it first, at break of day,
Shall have this doublet, with the golden prize.
See in yon East, the dawn is spreading fast,
See darkness flee before yon heightened flush!
Ere this day's sun shall gild the horizon,
We shall rise with it on our promised land.
See how yon billows pant, as if oppressed
With weight of coast line, pressing on their breast.
What means this throb and beat, though sea is calm
As inland lake? Is it not the ebb and flow
Of tides against the shore, where ocean's bed
Doth grow too shallow for its beating heart?
See yonder lambent flames shoot high in air,
In quivering rays, athwart yon rosy flush!
And look along the West! 'T is land! 'T is land!
Behold that rim, that radiant line of light,
That meets yon water's breast and kisses it!
'T is land! 'T is land! Our New Hispaniola!

Seamen. Hurrah! Huzzah! Our land beyond the sea!

Officers. The Admiral was right in his strange prophecy,
He against all the world, believed the earth a sphere.
He prophesied this land, and now 't is here!

(Trumpet signals from Pinta and Nina. — Trumpet replies — [cannon fire from both vessels]. — Diego Pinzon comes to Santa Maria, and ascends vessel's side, and embraces Columbus — [great excitement among sailors].)

Diego Pinzon (kneeling to Columbus).

Great Admiral, whose wisdom conquered all,
Who saw this new world by the eye of faith,
While yet but darkness veiled this boundless sea,
Forgive our fears and doubts. Humanity
Is weak to grasp great problems out of sight.
Near dangers hide God's possibilities.

Columbus. Kneel not to me, I was God's instrument,
To seek this truth and prove its verity,
Kneel, every man, and thank God's gracious power
For dangers past; for blessings of this hour.
The rising sun shall lead us to this land
— Hope's emblem by the higher power spanned —
The Cross of Christ — the Sun of Righteousness —
Shall rise with this day's sun, that land to bless.

(Kneels — all kneel in silent prayer, then rise and sing *Gloria in Excelsis.*

Curtain falls.)

SCENE IV

(Painted on back-ground [to right] — Tropical land with palms, orange-trees, bananas and cocoanut-trees, golden, shining beach reaching to stage. Santa Maria [to left], with sails furled — [Pinta and Nina painted on *left* background, behind the Santa Maria.] — Columbus and officers and crew descend vessel's rear side and *land* upon coast where painted and feather-decked Indians make signs of fear and then of friendliness and welcome. — Columbus first ascends shore — [crimson velvet cloak over his armor — with flag of Castile and Aragon in left hand, and the great silver cross in right.] — All follow him in order — all singing *Salve Regina*. — Indians prostrate themselves — then advance timidly. — Columbus raises cross aloft, as he walks along the shore [towards background].)

Dramatis Personæ { *Admiral Christobal Colon.*
Captains Alonzo and Diego Pinzon.
Indians, Seaman.

COLUMBUS (with great silver cross and banners of Spain, ascending shore).

In name of God, His Church, and Spain,
This land shall be our blest San Salvador.

(Planting cross in soil.)

And holy cross our sign for ever more.
Hispania's banner crowns this beauteous shore.

(Planting flag.)

We claim this new land for our king's domain,
In name of royal King and Queen of Spain.
San Salvador, we humbly christen thee,

(Stooping and sprinkling.)

For Holy Church, and blessèd destiny.

(All kneeling — Columbus prays.)

O Thou, Who hast upheld us by Thy might,
Who hast unrolled Thy scroll, this circling world;
To let us find what Thou hast writ thereon,
Interpret further of Thy works and will,
That we may read what Thy creations teach,
And bravely do Thy will — our destiny.
Accept this land that we were sent to win,
Back from the great unknown, to seal Thy power,
And prove that we had read Thy cipher true.

(They rise. Sing *Laus Deo*. Columbus and men turn to examine Indians, who flee back in fear. — Columbus extends hands and smiles upon Indians, who gradually come forward, timidly.)

Columbus (smiling).

My friends, who have so gently met us here,
We greet you, from a world unknown to you —
— Further unknown than was your coast to us.
Come (stretching out hands), fear not! see our flags and shining arms!
'T is blessèd luck to find such peaceful folk
With yonder wigwams, and with friendliness,
Instead of savage combatants, to check,
Our entrance into this new world.

(Indians make signs of welcome by holding out both hands and uttering "How — how — how!")

Alonzo Pinzon (aside). His promises did quell the mutiny;
'T was not his force nor power, but the hope
Of treasure waiting in this distant land.

Here are but naked savages who deck
Themselves with feathers and with shells and claws.

Diego Pinzon. Such savages would ne'er dispute our claim
To gold or diamonds upon the beach.
Perchance they use them as we might a stone,
To slay a bird with.

Columbus (coming towards them).
What is it, comrades, can there be a cloud
Upon our sunrise in this new-found world?
Is it for gems you seek? We find a pearl
To place in the tiara of our queen.
These natives yield our flag kind fealty,
Instead of causing us bloodshed and loss.
See, with what baubles we have won their confidence!
'T is cause for joy and gratitude, methinks.

Alonzo Pinzon. But where the gold and gems, Lord Admiral,
That we were promised ere we sailed from Spain?

Columbus. True, in rejoicing at our great discovery,
And at our safe escape from ocean risks,
We had forgotten baser hopes, in gratitude.
Time, Pinzon, time, and patient search will find
What treasures sleep here for our wakening touch,
A New World is the guerdon of my dream, fulfilled.

(Curtain falls.)

DEC 28 1899

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 845 182 7